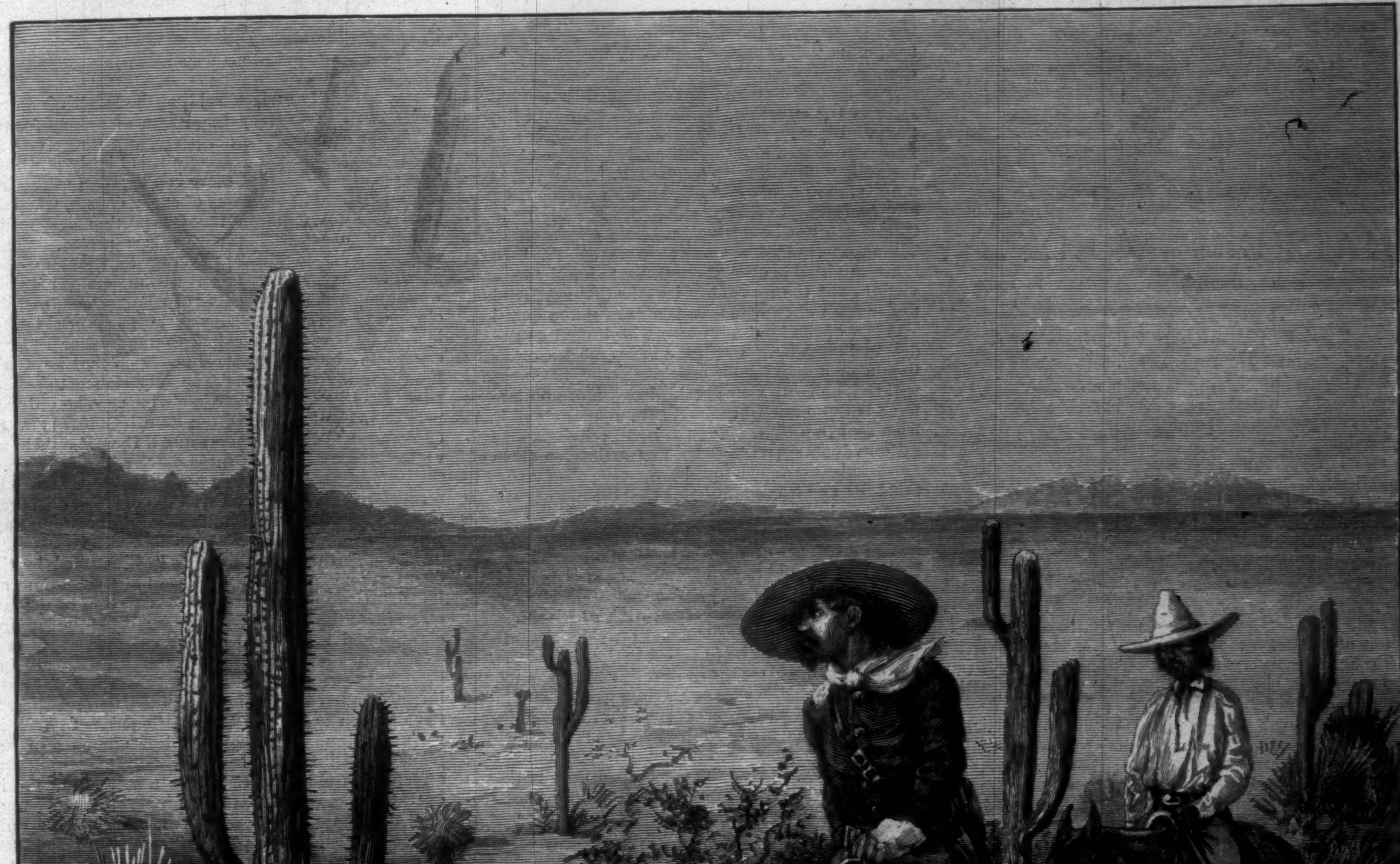
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXX.—No. 1516.
Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE APACHE WAR—INDIAN SCOUTS ON GERONIMO'S TRAIL.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 26.]

"As fresh and sparkling as the boys and girls for whom it is written. A capital weekly for our young folk."—*Christian Advocate, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

JO'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of "Nan," "Rolf House," etc.

The new serial story, the title of which is given above, will begin in the number dated January 12.

In "Jo's Opportunity" MRS. LILLIE *deals with entirely new characters. "Jo" is a girl in very poor circumstances, and surrounded by evil influences. The story shows the awakening in her of nobler aspirations, and the development of the good that lay hidden under a rude and defiant manner.*

The story is as fascinating as anything MRS. LILLIE *has written, the characters being lovable and life-like, the change of scene frequent, and the movement continuous.*

The illustrations will be by MR. W. T. SMEDLEY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

"THE HEIR OF THE AGES."

JAMES PAYN'S *new novel, brilliantly illustrated, was begun in the number of* HARPER'S BAZAR *published January* 1, 1886.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886.

THE REPUBLICAN OPPORTUNITY.

THE Republican opponents of President **CLEVELAND** assert that he is not a reformer, and that the Republican party is the sole hope of reform. This is the declaration of Republican platforms and of the Republican press, and in so far as it means only that there is a stronger sentiment of reform among Republicans than among Democrats it is correct. But this does not make the party a reform party. The proof of that fact can be found, not in the declarations of platforms and newspapers, but only in the acts of responsible Republican officers and Legislatures. The conspicuous arena for this proof at the present moment is the Senate of the United States, which is Republican, and which must pass upon the nominations of a Democratic President. The conduct of the Senate will go very far to determine whether it can be truly said that Republican action in regard to the civil service is determined by the principles and spirit of reform, or by mere partisan opposition. The letter of the reform act does not apply to the cases upon which the Senate acts. But the principles of reform apply, of course, to the entire service.

It is a fundamental principle of the reformed system that changes in non-political offices, or those which are not directly concerned with the political policy of the Administration, such, for instance, as post-offices and customs offices, shall not be made merely because of political opinions or partisan sympathies. But it is strictly in accordance with that principle that officers who have misused their posts for political objects shall be dismissed. When a change is proposed, therefore, it is certainly proper for a Senate sincerely bent upon reform, and holding an opposition Administration to the same course to which it would hold its own party Executive, to ascertain the reasons of the intended change, and to refuse its assent if the reasons should be unsatisfactory. This course, indeed, would not prevent a change, because the dissent of the Senate does not re-instate a suspended officer; but it would show that the President sought to violate the principles of reform, and that the Senate maintained them. It would be strictly accordant, also, with the constitutional doctrine of **HAMILTON** and **WEBSTER** and other weighty authorities, that the power of appointment, and consequently of removal, is committed jointly to the President and the Senate. Refusal to acquiesce in a change without legitimate reason would not be unacceptable to the sound judgment of the country, and it would place upon the President—if such a case should arise—the undivided responsibility.

It is, however, competent for the Senate to hold with the President that an equitable distribution of the service between the parties is desirable in the interest of reform itself. Thus in the case of Mr. **ACTON**, Assistant Treasurer at New York, if the condition of the service had been normal, sound principle required that a wholly satisfactory and experienced officer in such a position should not be removed merely because of the expiration of his term. But the situation is not normal, and to secure an equitable distribution it may be very desirable to replace such an officer with one of equally high character from the other party. This would justify the confirmation of Mr. **BIGELOW** as expedient for the reformed system. The Democratic President has certainly shown as much fidelity to reform as the Republican Senate. If, now, the Senate should honestly confirm the changes which upon reform principles and according to a wise expediency ought to be made, and decline to confirm them when reasons were not justly satisfactory, and if the President, upon learning that the dissatisfaction was justifiable, should withdraw such nominations, the position would be exceedingly pleasant. Then, if it should appear that the President was cordially sustained by Democrats, and the Senate by Republicans, what more could be asked? However this may prove to be, it is certainly undeniable that under a Democratic President the prospects of practical reform are brighter than ever before. It is too soon, of course, to say that the Democratic party may justly share this praise, for the Democratic party has elected Governor **HILL**, and its reform character is about to be tested by his acts in New York.

THE MORMONS.

THE Mormon bill of Senator **EDMUNDS** proposes to deal with an exceedingly perplexing subject in a very trenchant way. It proceeds upon the principle that the public welfare is the highest law. But in considering safeguards of the public welfare, the expediency of any proposed course, as determined by the actual facts of the situation, becomes of paramount importance. Bigamy, and of course polygamy, is a gross violation of law, and the ordinary, sporadic bigamist is readily punished upon conviction. But a vast community, thoroughly organized upon a religious basis, and professing to regard polygamy as a divine institution, can not be dealt with like a single offender. The offense, indeed, becomes no more tolerable because it is committed in alleged obedience to a religious conviction, but the method of its effectual suppression, under such circumstances, is a very grave question. The law of the land must assert itself against the individual offender. But if the law punishes, or seems to punish, a man for his religious belief, the mischief will be inevitably very great. Many Mormon leaders have been convicted of practical polygamy and have been sent to prison. But the great religious organization which supports them, and maintains their offense to be obedience to God, remains absolutely untouched; and it is against this that the law of Senator **EDMUNDS** is directed.

The bill imposes upon the Mormon Church organization a certain number of trustees on behalf of the United States, and requires a strict enforcement of the law forbidding any religious corporation or association in a Territory to hold more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of real estate, and provides that all beyond this sum shall be forfeited to the United States. The bill also dissolves the Emigrating Fund Company. Such a proposed law suggests serious questions. Ought the property of a religious corporation to be confiscated because some of its members violate laws, for which violation they may be, and actually are, punished? Or, in plain words, ought the United States—that is to say, is it expedient—forcibly to break up the Mormon Church? Undoubtedly polygamy is a tenet of the Mormon faith, and polygamy, as an offense against the laws, may be justly punished. It is undeniable, also, that any organization in the country which aims at the subversion of the government by resisting its authority may be dealt with as a public enemy. This is not to be questioned. But it is equally unquestionable that religious liberty is guaranteed to every citizen, and that penal law deals only with acts and not with opinions. A man may hold the extremest communistic doctrines, but he is amenable to the law only when he begins to steal. It is not a society which teaches certain views, but the person who reduces them to practice, that the law can reach.

The Mormon question is a very difficult one, because whatever looks like persecution for religious opinion's sake would instantly react in favor of those who are held to be victims. The whole force of the government should be brought to bear upon the enforcement of the laws against bigamy and polygamy, as it should be against any extensive and organized and defiant violation of the laws protecting life and property. If, then, beyond this there should be found any association, whether calling itself religious or political or industrial or scientific, organized to resist the laws, it should be summarily dispersed. In this all good citizens will agree. But any attempt to punish opinions would be a very serious blunder. This, of course, is as evident to Senator **EDMUNDS** as to any one else, and when his bill comes up for consideration he will undoubtedly show that it is not fairly susceptible of that interpretation.

A NECESSARY INVESTIGATION.

As we said last week, the legislative investigations into the public service of the city and State ought to be extended to the Quarantine establishment. Enormous fees and salaries always tend to corruption, and the source of the notorious venality of what is called municipal "politics" is the public money paid in the form of salaries and fees. The Quarantine officers are the Commissioners of Quarantine and the Health Officer. The Commissioners are paid by salaries, and their duties are mainly nominal. The present Commissioners are **THOMAS C. PLATT**, **JOHN A. NICHOLS**, and **DAVID W. JUDD**, whose terms all expired some time ago, and they have held over because the Governor and the Senate, by whom they are appointed, have been of different parties. Mr. **JUDD** states frankly in a published letter that his only justification for continuing to receive his salary is that he has been engaged in efforts to make the Quarantine system self-sustaining, believing that the present system "is a fraud upon the tax-payers." There seems to be, indeed, no legitimate reason whatever for the existence of a Board of Quarantine Commissioners. The Health Officer is paid by fees for boarding vessels, vaccinating passengers, and disinfecting ships and cargoes. The amount of these fees is stated to range from $75,000 to $100,000. Mr. **JUDD** says that they are more than $50,000 a year for boarding foreign vessels alone, and he adds that "there are the additional port charges for night boarding, boarding coastwise vessels, medical attendance, visitation of the sick, burial of the dead, lighterage, stevedoring," and he asks why, with all the immense revenues received in Quarantine, should the State make yearly appropriations for its maintenance amounting to $35,000 or $40,000.

It is generally understood that the Health Officer is required to pay a very large sum of money for the "election expenses" of his party, and under our familiar spoils and party system it is highly probable, as is openly stated, that there is a division of the fees among a ring of politicians of every degree, who take good care to maintain the Quarantine system by which they profit. This ring, it is suspected, was not very friendly to Mr. **DAVENPORT** in the late campaign in this State, because it was understood that he would not make any pledges of co-operation, and the election of Mr. **ERWIN** as Speaker was favored by it—indeed, he was openly called Commissioner **PLATT**'s candidate—because it was understood that he would not favor investigation. The importance to such a ring of a friendly Speaker is obvious. The only appeal from the decision of the Health Officer is to the Quarantine Commissioners; and if there should be an understanding between these officers, the only practical remedy for the public against jobbery would be a legislative investigation, and the value of an investigation would depend wholly upon the committee appointed by the Speaker.

The opportunity for jobbery is illustrated by the disinfection of rags, to which we have heretofore alluded. Under the present interpretation of the law of the State the Health Officer may forbid the landing of imported rags, whether they come from infected districts or not, or whether they may be supposed to be infected or not. He may require them to be disinfected to his satisfaction, and the sole appeal from his decision is to the Commissioners. In fact, as we understand, the Health Officer approves of two plans of disinfection only. One is a patent, and already in operation; the other a secret, and not in operation, because wanting a proper "plant." Consequently the patent process—a monopoly—is the only method of disinfection permitted, and at a price determined by the owners of the monopoly. One of the results is that rags are disinfected at an expense of $500,000 a year to the paper-makers, and to the enormous profit of the owners of the patent. If, as was alleged in the summer and autumn, the cost of disinfection is 60 cents a ton and the charge of the monopoly $5 a ton, the job is evident. Commissioner **JUDD** says that the Commissioners could at once fix the rates for necessary disinfection, and prevent jobbery, and if the statement of the actual cost and the actual charge be correct, and the Commissioners know it, their position toward the public, whose rights they are supposed to guard, becomes exceedingly awkward. This is a matter to be investigated without delay, and, as we said last week, if the Legislature hesitates, the aid of Congress will be invoked.

THE LESSON OF A STREET.

THE activity of organized and intelligent charity in this city to prevent the growth of a vast mass of hereditary pauperism, with all its incalculable mischievous results, did not begin a moment too soon. The investigations of the Charity Organization Society, which, as we have stated, is a practical clearing-house of charitable relief, show a most significant situation. Thus, in a street of the city not more than three-quarters of a mile long, and in a section supposed to be inhabited by a poor but not pauper class, there have been 823 cases referred to the Society, and at a safe average of 4 to a family, and at a fair estimate of non-applicants, it is just to suppose a total dependent population in that street of 5000 persons.

On both sides of a single block in this street, in which there are but 51 numbers, the occupants of 41 of the houses are reported as applicants. These 41 houses contained 157 families asking aid, or an average of 15 persons in each house. In one house of this block 60 persons wanted help, and in another 32, while in other blocks the number in single houses is even larger. Thus in one block, in five adjoining houses, occupying a space of 100 feet square, 119 families, or say 475 persons, have asked for relief since the society began its work.

Upon the larger part of the lots in this section there are rear houses, in which the most degraded and shiftless congregate, and as the society truly says, the first step in relief here must be the vigorous enforcement of adequate laws to prevent such festering aggregations of moral and physical pollution from being hidden away upon the thoroughfares. Such sections in a great city are plague-spots in every sense, and the dangerous taint is largely fostered by careless and irresponsible giving in the street and at the door. Those who wish truly to obey the Christian command, and the natural instinct to relieve suffering and help the needy to help themselves, will take the trouble to aid the Charity Organization Society, at 21 University Place, or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, at 79 Fourth Avenue, which will conduct all necessary inquiries if the charitable can not themselves inquire. To give without inquiry is to become a public nuisance, and to breed pauperism and crime.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

M. Grévy, at the age of seventy-three, has been re-elected President of France. The election is made by the two Houses acting as a National Convention, and M. Grévy received an enormous majority of the votes cast; but he had only a majority of thirty of all the members, because the infuriates and impracticables, like Paul Cassagnac and Henri Rochefort, refused to vote. The result shows merely that the Assembly preferred to maintain the *status quo*. M. Grévy represents simply the republic, but no particular policy of the republic.

The opposition is monarchical and anarchical, and the uproar and violence of the members of these views upon the floor of the Assembly during the voting were probably typical of the actual situation. Should M. Grévy die before the expiration of his term, it is not clear that there would not be a serious convulsion. There is no strong, conspicuous, and popular representative of the firm and moderate republic in whose power and purpose the country would confide so generally as to keep the country steady. France undoubtedly has made great political progress. But the republic is still an experiment.

On the other hand, there is no royal or imperial pretender of any intrinsic weight. The old Bourbon line is merged in the house of Orleans, and the Comte de Paris is an amiable gentleman, but neither very popular nor very forcible. He would hardly undertake a *coup d'état*, while the Bonaparte faction, represented by Prince Jerome and his son, commands no general confidence. But they are all of them heads of factions in a country which readily "resorts to combat." Meanwhile the public debt is rapidly increasing, and the prestige of France abroad has been dimmed under republican control. Upon the whole, the situation in France is not re-assuring. But the country has suffered so much from revolutions and insurrections that there must be a strong reserve of conservative resolution which in a crisis would make itself felt.

TENNYSON'S "TIRESIAS."

The new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson is just issued by the Harpers in the very convenient form of the "Handy Series." The book is highly praised by some of the English critics, and it is declared by some of them to be better than any verse that he has published. It contains a new idyl, and studies in the Yorkshire and Irish dialects, and, as the work of a poet who is now seventy-six years old, it is extremely interesting.

The position of Tennyson as the chief living English poet is contested only by Browning, and by him only among a limited circle of readers. The popular "primacy" of Tennyson is undisputed; and although it has been recently the fashion to regret the decline of his powers, the great sale of this last volume in England shows that his hold upon the English people is unrelaxed.

Mr. Browning is seventy-four years old, and his continued literary productiveness, like that of Lord Tennyson, is remarkable. But our Longfellow at seventy-five was not less so. Indeed, his last poem, the "Bells of San Blas," shows his poetic faculty to have been untouched to the end. It is as fresh in feeling and as characteristic in touch as any of his verses. An illustration of the undiminished public interest in Tennyson is furnished by the statement on his behalf in the London *Times* that he is unable to answer the innumerable letters or to examine the myriad MSS. that he receives since the publication of this last volume.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF POSTMASTERS.

A national convention of third and fourth class postmasters has been called to meet at Chicago on the 15th of January, 1886. Postmasters of the third class receive more than $1000 and not more than $2000; and those of the fourth class receive not less than $200 and not more than $1000. The third class are appointed by the President and Senate, and the fourth class by the Postmaster-General. The convention is called by a Postmasters' National Committee, which was appointed at a preliminary meeting of representatives of the postmasters interested, and the object of the convention is one which many Postmasters-General have recommended, but to which Congress has been indifferent. The proposed action of the convention is simply and practically a petition to Congress for relief from what are declared to be unjust incumbrances upon the offices concerned. To the remark that if such postmasters do not like their positions they can resign in favor of those who would gladly take them with all the annoyances, the committee reply that, as American citizens in the service of the government, they propose to represent to the government that the system is unjust, and therefore ought to be corrected, whether there are those who are willing to submit to it or not.

The grievances of the third-class postmasters are stated to be that they are required to give all their time and attention to the office, and not to engage in any other business, and at the same time to pay for rent, light, fuel, stationery, clerk hire, and every other expense of the office, while the expenses of the first and second class offices are paid by the government, although the heads of those offices perform no greater service. First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson renews the recommendations of his predecessors, that the rent and office expenses of the third-class offices should be paid, and last March an act was passed giving the Postmaster-General discretion in paying the rent of third-class offices; but the sum appropriated was so small that the law was inoperative. The fourth-class officers complain of the compulsory division of box rents with the government, when the boxes are paid for by themselves, and are their private property. They ask that the boxes and fixtures should be paid for by the government. The compensation for the issuing of money orders is also held to be inadequate.

There is no doubt that the experience of postmasters is invaluable in rectifying the postal laws. But upon the theory of our post-office service, and with the large annual deficit, the case of the protesting postmasters must be made very plain to secure relief. Yet if raising the appropriation for rent from $490,000 to $600,000 would secure more efficient service, the money would be well spent.

AN UNFOUNDED SUPPOSITION.

We are very sorry that a remark in the sketch of Senator Sherman, lately published in the Weekly, escaped our attention. This was the statement that the veto message of President Hayes upon the first silver bill, which was justly characterized in the article as "one of the strongest financial state papers in our history," was generally credited to Senator Sherman, at that time Secretary of the Treasury.

It may have been so credited; but the credit, if he has heard of it, must certainly have been a great surprise to Mr. Sherman, whose financial laurels need no such additional leaf. The veto message, like all his messages, was the work of President Hayes, whose financial views were always sound, and who was elected Governor of Ohio as the representative of such views, after a campaign in which the issue was financial, and during which he expounded and defended the soundest opinions upon the subject with great ability.

If any of our readers have supposed that Senator Sherman either wrote or dictated the message, we are glad of this opportunity of correcting the misapprehension.

FALSE PROPHECIES.

Ten months have passed since the President was inaugurated, and the prophets of disaster have been brought low. Also the "knowing" assertions that, despite all the smooth words of the President, there would be a clean sweep of the public service, have all been made ridiculous by the event. Since the spoils system was practically introduced, fifty-six years ago, there has never been a party change in administration with so little change in the offices as now, and never has there been so watchful and intelligent a public opinion upon the subject.

The best answer to the allegation that the reform declarations of President Cleveland are false is made by the facts. The special correspondent of the *Herald* in Washington has made a careful investigation of the subject, and his report is very significant. It is as follows:

> "There are about four thousand 'Presidential' offices—places to which the President nominates, but which the Senate must 'advise and consent to.' These four thousand include the mass of the higher subordinates in the service, consuls, assistants and heads of bureaus in the departments, collectors and other customs and internal revenue officers, postmasters in the cities, Indian agents, marshals and other officers of the Attorney-General. A careful count of the whole list of such placemen 'suspended' by the President shows that there have been only 643 such 'suspensions' or removals. Under the State Department there have been 80; under the Treasury, 160; under the Postmaster-General, 266; under the Interior Department, 76; and under the Attorney-General, 61. Besides these Presidential places there are the large number of subordinate clerkships which come under the civil service rules, and where appointments and promotions are made only on examination. Then comes the great bulk of the places, the petty postmasterships. These do not go to the Senate for confirmation. There are about forty-nine thousand five hundred of these places, which were for years systematically used by the Republicans, as everybody knows, for the manipulation of local politics. It seems that not more than seven thousand of these small postmasters have been removed since Mr. Cleveland came into power."

These figures embrace the actual removals, not the resignations, which are few, and they will naturally surprise a great many persons who have supposed that enormous changes were taking place.

The administration of Jefferson is generally supposed to have made few changes. But in July, 1803, in reply to an expostulation from Philadelphia that the offices were practically held by Federalists, Mr. Jefferson said that his object was to give to "Republicans"—that is, to his political friends, who then bore that name—"their due proportion of office." He adds that he has steadily adhered to this rule. "Many vacancies," he says, "have been made by death and resignation"—which is a curious contradiction of his famous phrase of two years before, "few die and none resign"—and he continues:

> "Many by removal for malversation in office, and for open, active, and virulent abuse of official influence in opposition to the order of things established by the will of the nation. Such removals continue to be made on sufficient proof. The places have been steadily filled with Republican characters, until of 316 offices in all the United States subject to appointment and removal by me, 130 only are held by Federalists."

This number of offices does not include the judiciary and military, nor the post-offices, nor those of the internal revenue, but the change had been effected in a little more than two years. The course of President Cleveland compares most favorably with that of Jefferson, and it has this superiority, that it proceeds upon a sound principle of public service. Jefferson had chiefly in view the welfare of a party, not of the service.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Charles F. McKim's new house at Lenox, Massachusetts, which attracts some attention as a revival of the old colonial style, has a roof that looks about a hundred years old, the appearance of age being due to the fact that the shingles, instead of lying in the usual straight and flat courses, are in partly depressed lines. This device has been successfully tried in several other houses.

—A Chicago young lady was looking at three large photographs, containing respectively the foot-ball teams of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, of 1885. Her father is a graduate of Harvard; her *fiancé*, of Princeton; and her *fiancé's* father, of Yale. After scrutinizing the groups with a critical air, she expressed her conviction that "the Princeton men are the handsomest, the Harvard men the most distinguished, and the Yale men the most enduring."

—A distinguished English soldier has called attention to the fact that if British rule is unpopular in the East, it is because the Hindoos are no longer allowed to burn their wives, and because the Mohammedans can not kill their wives without being hanged for it, and can not buy girls any more by the pound. The natives, he says, have thus been deprived of many of "the most valuable luxuries of life."

—A foreign reviewer of Mr. W. O. Stoddard's books notes that the winter amusements of the youthful Yankee, with his cutter, coasting, donation parties, waffles, and crullers, are different from those of other lands. "What can a cruller be?" he asks. "Apparently something eatable," he answers. Right for once.

—The story printed by some of the newspapers in connection with a recent revival in this city, to the effect that one of the audience, when asked by the minister if he was a Christian, replied, "No; I am a reporter," is only a revised version of a similar story told a few years ago in reference to Mr. Moody and a *Herald* reporter, who was describing one of the large gatherings at the Madison Square Garden.

—The Rev. Mr. Pigou, one of the English missioners who officiated in this city, was explicit in privately telling his friends that he did not wish any display of emotion on the part of his audience, and that therefore he had resolved to speak in a low, unimpassioned, and almost monotonous tone. In particular he did not wish to hear sobs or to see tears, believing that such evidences of feeling were hinderances rather than helps. It was noticed at some of his services that most of the petitions sent in for prayers in behalf of friends were for husbands and sons who were drunkards.

—A student of the Stevens Institute at Hoboken was explaining to a lady how a mechanical engineer ranked higher than a civil engineer. "A civil engineer," he said, luminously, "has to do, you know, with bodies at rest; but a mechanical engineer has to do with bodies in motion, and of course if he can manage them when in motion, he can manage them when at rest."

—Mr. J. S. Moore is authority for the statement that Christmas Day in New York city was as much of a holiday with the Jews as with the Christians, and the occasion of as frequent gifts.

—"Huxley and Tyndall," said the manager of a literary syndicate, "will never write anything for publication unless they have something to say. I have tried them many a time, and with good offers of money, but always unsuccessfully. They care too much for their fame. But when they have anything to say, they are ready to say it, and to charge for it too."

—The *Nassau Literary Magazine* expresses its disappointment that Canon Farrar went away without lecturing in Princeton, and its regret that Princeton is not more fortunate in securing prominent men to deliver lectures. "Our sister colleges Yale and Harvard are always on the alert to secure prominent men, and seem to have no difficulty in getting them. The effect of a literary lecture in Princeton by Canon Farrar would have been stimulating in the extreme. Something of that sort is what is needed to strengthen the fresh literary awakening which is felt among us."

—The charter of Brown University makes the trustees, who are thirty-six in number, consist of twenty-two Baptists or Antipædobaptists, five Quakers, five Episcopalians, and four Congregationalists. Since 1874 vacancies have been filled in accordance with nominations made by the Alumni. The charter also requires that "the President must forever be of the denomination called Baptists."

—The Bishop of Peterborough, England, promises to introduce a bill into the House of Lords declaring the equal right of all parishioners to the free use of seats in parish churches. In this country the practice is becoming more and more general to have the seats in churches free during at least one service on Sunday.

—Literary men nowadays are dedicating their books to one another a good deal—in fact, almost as often as to their wives. Mr. Edmund Gosse dedicates his new volume of poems to Mr. Austin Dobson, saying:

> "We have shared laborious days,
> Shared the pleasantness of praise;
> Brother not more kind to brother,
> We have cheered and helped each other,
> Till so far the fields of each
> Into the other's stretch and reach,
> That perchance when both are gone
> Neither may be named alone."

—King Theebaw, as he appeared in 1880, was handsome, with cruelty stamped on his features, but not intemperance. He neither smoked nor chewed tobacco, and his small, slightly almond-shaped eyes, his full lips, and small mustache made the impression of an indolent, *blasé*, perhaps rather sensual, young man. Very few foreigners have ever seen his face.

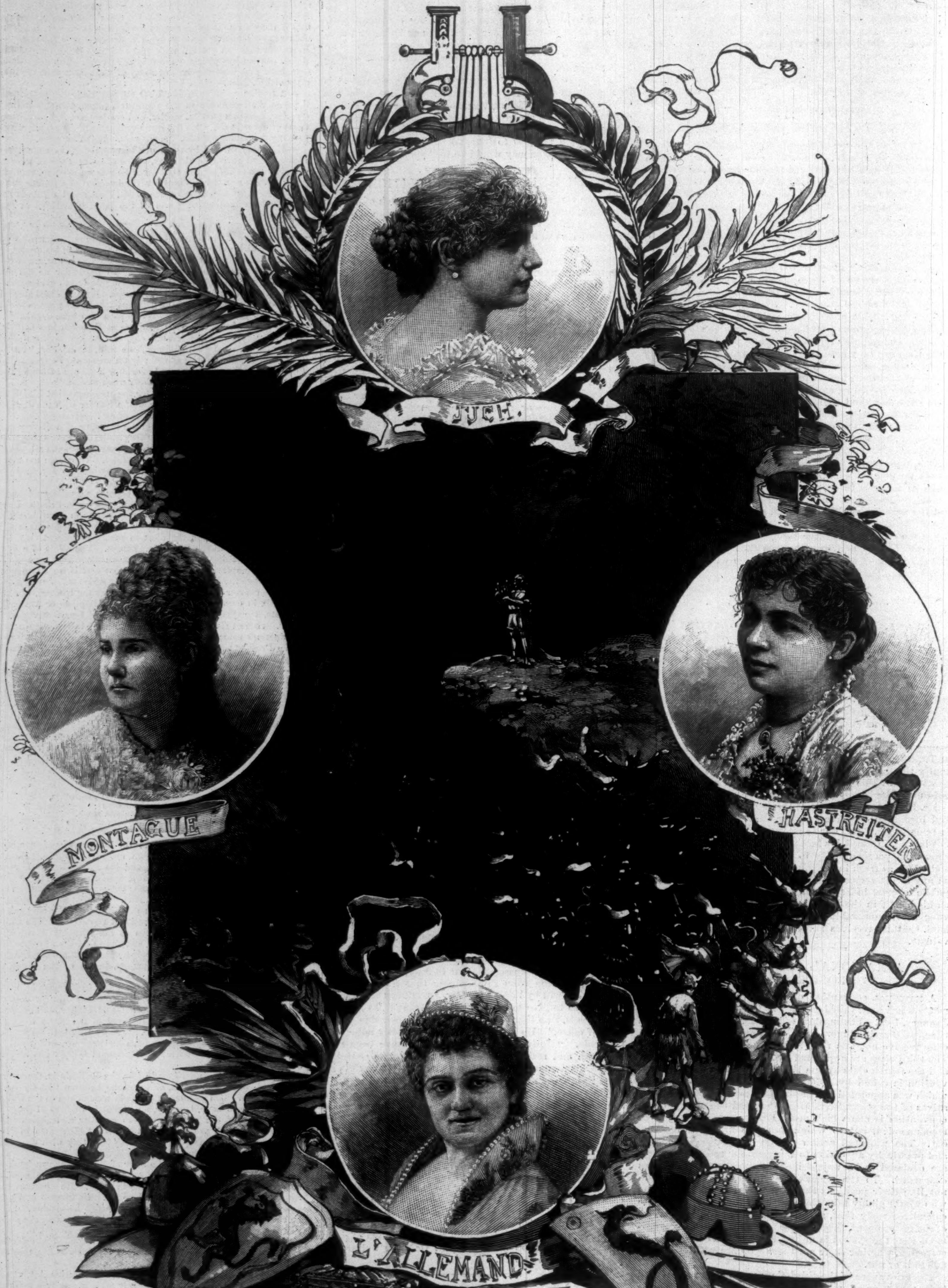
—The Mount Sinai Hospital in this city is not the only mixed hospital that admits women as resident physicians. The Philadelphia Hospital, otherwise known as the Blockley Almshouse, opened its doors to them in 1883, and since that time the position of interne has been held successively by Drs. Pauline Root, Alice May Farnum, and Elizabeth Peck, graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

—The effort now making to place a tablet in Marquand Chapel, at Princeton College, in memory of the late Professor Arnold Guyot, originated with Professor William Libbey, Jun., who issued a circular calling upon two hundred of Dr. Guyot's old pupils to subscribe five dollars apiece. "Such a tribute to his worth," he said, "would be appropriate from his students, and would be appreciated by all his friends." Marquand Chapel has already several memorial tablets.

—Mr. John Bright declines to join the Radicals in the matter of Church disestablishment, although he believes that Churches flourish better when disestablished, as in Ireland and in the United States. He will have, however, no wholesale robbery of property on the part of the government—no crowbar and skeleton-key policy. The most prominent Nonconformist clergymen in England have taken pains publicly to deny that they wish the disintegration of the Church of England.

—Mr. William Blaikie, the author of the well-known book on how to get strong, has recently been emphasizing the need of an even and systematic athletic development. He observes that rowers are apt to be all chest and no leg. He himself is a good specimen of the results of the doctrines which he teaches. Some lady athletes have also been inculcating their views on the necessity for exercise, at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn. They claim that the right kind of exercise rightly applied will develop any figure in any required direction. They like walking, they say, but walking is not more than half enough.

—The lady managers of the Society of Decorative Art, now in the seventh year of its existence, justly pride themselves upon the large number of designs which they have introduced into this country for the benefit of private and professional workers. Especially in embroidery great service has been rendered by reproducing the ideas of the early French, Italians, and Spaniards, and it is the intention soon to introduce some Oriental patterns. The lady managers find a favorite pastime, during their European excursions, in collecting and bringing over the choicest old pieces of embroidery they can lay hands upon. It is in embroidery rather than in painting that the most successful contributors to the society find their vocation.


JUCH.
MONTAGUE
HASTREITER
L'ALLEMAND

REHEARSING FOR THE AMERICAN OPERA—A SCENE FROM "ORPHEUS."—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 30.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid,"
"Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER III.

The high-road into the village of Weydon Priors was again carpeted with dust. The trees had put on as of yore their aspect of dingy green, and where the Henchard family of three had once walked along, two persons not unconnected with that family walked now.

The scene in its broad aspect had so much of its previous character, even to the voices and rattle from the neighboring village down, that it might for that matter have been the afternoon following the previously recorded episode. Change was only to be observed in details; but here it was obvious that a long procession of years had passed by. One of the two who walked the road was she who had figured as the young wife of Henchard on the previous occasion; now her face had lost much of its rotundity, her skin had undergone a textural change, and though her hair had not lost color, it was considerably thinner than heretofore. She was dressed in the mourning clothes of a widow. Her companion, also in black, appeared as a well-formed young woman of eighteen, completely possessed of that ephemeral precious essence youth, which is itself beauty, irrespective of complexion or contour. A glance was sufficient to inform the eye that this was Susan Henchard's grown-up daughter. While middle summer had set its hardening mark on the mother's face, her former spring-like specialties were transferred so dexterously by Time to this second figure, her child, that the absence of certain facts within her mother's knowledge from the girl's mind would have seemed for the moment, to one reflecting on those facts, to be a curious imperfection in nature's powers of continuity.

They walked with joined hands, and it could be perceived that this was the act of simple affection. The daughter carried in her outer hand a withy basket of old-fashioned make; the mother a blue bundle, which contrasted oddly with her black stuff gown.

Reaching the outskirts of the village, they pursued the same track as formerly, and ascended to the fair. Here, too, it was evident that the years had told. Certain mechanical improvements might have been noticed in the roundabouts and high-fliers, the machines for testing rustic strength and weight, and in the erections devoted to shooting for nuts. But the real business of the fair had considerably dwindled. The new periodical great markets of neighboring towns were beginning to interfere seriously with the trade carried on here for centuries. The pens for sheep, the tie-ropes for horses, were about half as long as they had been. The stalls of tailors, hosiers, coopers, linen-drapers, and other such trades had almost disappeared, and the vehicles were far less numerous. The mother and daughter threaded the crowd for some little distance, and then stood still.

"Why did we hinder our time by coming in here? I thought you wished to get onward?" said the maiden.

"Yes, my dear Elizabeth Jane," explained the other (somewhat equivocally, as will be seen). "But I had a fancy for looking up here."

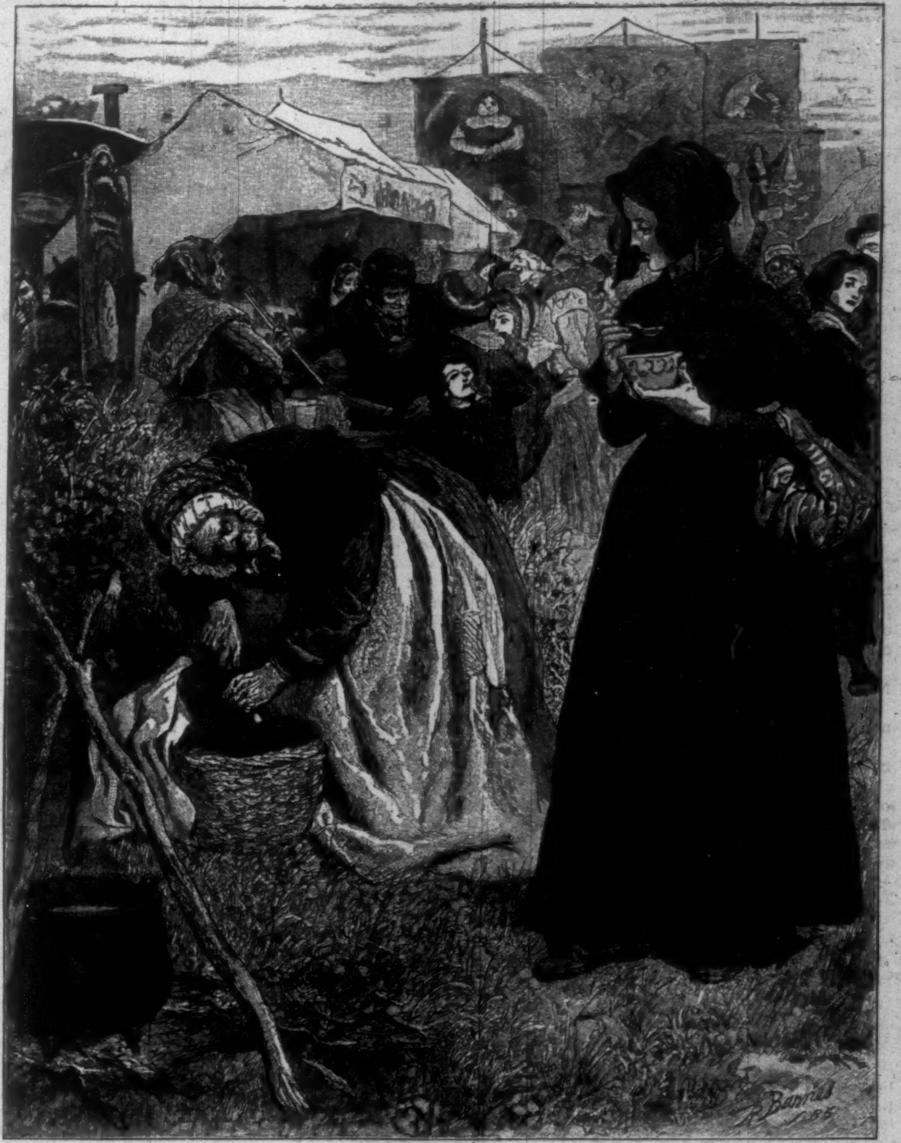
"Why?"

"It was here I first met with Newson—on such a day as this."

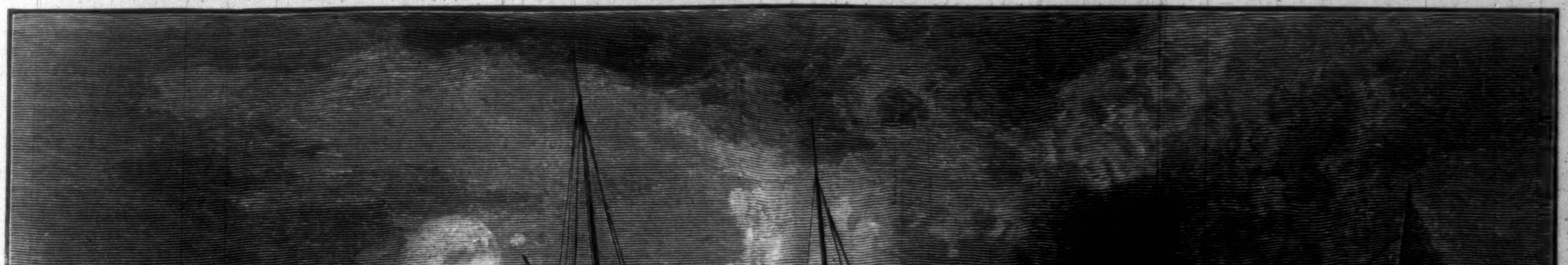
"First met with father here? Yes, you have told me so before. And now he's drowned and gone from us!" As she spoke the girl drew a card from her pocket and looked at it with a sigh. It was edged with black, and inscribed within a design resembling a mural tablet were the words, "In affectionate memory of Richard Newson, mariner, who was unfortunately lost at sea, in the month of November, 184–, aged 41 years."

"And it was here," continued her mother, with more hesitation, "that I last saw the relative we are going to look for—Mr. Michael Henchard."

"What is his exact relation to us, mother? I have never clearly had it told me."



"SHE PRETENDED TO EAT A LITTLE OF THE FURMITY WITH THE LEADEN SPOON."



AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE OYSTER WAR ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—From a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 23.]

"He is, or was—for he may be dead—a relation by marriage," said her mother, deliberately.

"That's exactly what you have said a score of times before!" replied the young woman, looking about her inattentively. "He's not a near relation, I suppose?"

"Not by any means."

"He was a hay-trusser, wasn't he, when you last heard of him?"

"He was."

"I suppose he never knew me?" the girl innocently continued.

Why should Mrs. Henchard have paused? She did pause for a moment, and answered, "Of course not, Elizabeth Jane. But come this way."

Let judgment be reserved on Mrs. Henchard's morals for this negative till her hard circumstances are fairly recognized.

"Come this way," she repeated.

"It is not much use inquiring here for anybody, I should think," the daughter observed, as she gazed round about. "People at fairs change like the leaves of trees; and I dare say you are the only one here to-day who was here all those years ago."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Newson, as she now called herself, keenly eying something under a green bank a little way off. "See there."

The daughter looked in the direction signified. The object pointed out was a tripod of sticks stuck into the earth, from which hung a three-legged crock, kept hot by a smouldering wood fire beneath. Over the pot stooped an old woman, haggard, wrinkled, and almost in rags. She stirred the contents of the pot with a large spoon, and occasionally croaked, in a broken voice, "Good furmity sold here!"

It was indeed the former mistress of the furmity tent—once thriving, cleanly, white-aproned, and chinking with money—now tentless, dirty, owning no tables or benches, and having scarce any customers except two small whitey-brown boys, who came up and asked for "A ha'p'orth, please—good measure," which she served in a couple of chipped yellow basins of commonest clay.

"She was here at that time," resumed Mrs. Newson, making a step as if to draw nearer.

"Don't speak to her—it isn't respectable!" urged the other.

"I will just say a word. You, Elizabeth Jane, can bide here."

The girl was not loath, and turned to some stalls of colored prints while her mother went forward. The old woman begged for the latter's custom as soon as she saw her, and responded to Mrs. Henchard-Newson's request for a pennyworth with more alacrity than she had shown in selling sixpennyworths in her younger days. When the *soi-disant* widow had taken the basin of thin poor slop that stood for the rich concoction of the former time, the hag opened a little basket behind the fire, and, looking up slyly, whispered, "Just a thought o' rum in it?—smuggled, you know—say two penn'orth—'twill make it slip down like cordial."

Her customer smiled bitterly at this survival of the old trick, and shook her head with a meaning the old woman was far from translating. She pretended to eat a little of the furmity with the leaden spoon offered, and as she did so said blandly to the hag, "You've seen better days?"

"Ah, ma'am, well ye may say it," responded the old woman, opening the sluices of her heart forthwith. "I've stood in this fair ground, maid, wife, and widow, these nine-and-thirty year, and in that time have known what it was to do business with the richest stomachs in the land. Ma'am, you'd hardly believe that I was once the owner of a great pavilion tent that was the attraction of the fair. Nobody could come, nobody could go, without having a dish of Mrs. Goodenough's furmity. I knowed the clergy's taste; I knowed the dandy gent's taste; I knowed the town's taste, the country's taste; I even knowed the taste of the coarse, thoughtless females. But, seize my life! the world's no memory; straightforward dealings don't bring profit; 'tis the sly and the underhand that get on in these times."

Mrs. Newson glanced round; her daughter was still bending over the distant stalls. "Can you call to mind," she said, cautiously, to the old woman, "the sale of a wife by her husband in your tent eighteen years ago to-day?"

The hag reflected, and half shook her head. "If it had been a big thing I should have minded it in a moment," she said. "I can mind every serious fight o' married parties, every murder, every manslaughter, even every pocket-picking—leastwise large ones—that 't has been my lot to witness. But a selling? Was it done quiet like?"

"Well, yes. I think so."

The furmity woman half shook her head again. "And yet," she said, "I do. At any rate, I can mind a man doing something o' the sort—a man in a cord jacket, with a basket of tools; but, Lord bless ye! we don't gie it head-room, we don't, such as that. The only reason why I can mind the man is that he came back here to the next year's fair, and told me quite private like that if a woman ever asked for him I was to say he had gone to—where?—Casterbridge—yes—to Casterbridge, said he. But, Lord's my life, I shouldn't ha' thought of it again!"

Mrs. Newson would have rewarded the old woman as far as her small means afforded had she not discreetly borne in mind that it was by that unscrupulous person's liquor her husband had been degraded. She briefly thanked her informant, and rejoined Elizabeth Jane, who greeted her with: "Mother, do let's go on; it was hardly respectable for you to buy refreshments there. I see none but the lowest do."

"I have learned what I wanted, however," said her mother, quietly. "The last time our relative visited this fair, he said he was living at Casterbridge. It is a long, long way from here, and it was many years ago that he said it, but there I think we'll go."

With this they descended out of the fair, and went onward to the village, where they obtained a night's lodging.

CHAPTER IV.

HENCHARD'S wife acted for the best, but she had involved herself in difficulties. A hundred times she had been upon the point of telling her daughter, Elizabeth Jane, the true story of her life, the tragical crisis of which had been the transaction at Weydon Fair, when she was not much older than the girl now beside her. But she had refrained. An innocent maiden had thus grown up in the belief that the relations between the genial sailor and her mother were the ordinary ones that they had always appeared to be. The risk of endangering a child's strong affection by disturbing ideas which had grown with her growth was to Mrs. Henchard too fearful a thing to contemplate. It had seemed, indeed, folly to think of making Elizabeth Jane wise.

But Susan Henchard's fear of losing her dearly loved daughter's heart by a revelation had little to do with any sense of wrong-doing on her own part. Her almost vacuous simplicity—the original ground of Henchard's contempt for her—had allowed her to live on in the conviction that Newson had acquired a real and binding right to her by his purchase, though the exact bearings and legal limits of that right were vague. It may seem strange to sophisticated minds that a sane young matron could believe in the validity of such a transfer; and were there not numerous other instances of the same belief the thing might scarcely be credited. But she was by no means the first or last peasant wife who had religiously adhered to her purchaser, as too many rural records show.

The history of Susan Henchard's adventures in the interim can be told in two or three sentences. Absolutely helpless, she had been taken off to Canada, where they had lived several years without any great worldly success, though she worked as hard as any woman could to keep their cottage cheerful and well provided. When Elizabeth Jane was about twelve years old the three returned to England, and settled at Falmouth, where Newson made a poor living for a few years as boatman and general handy shoreman.

He then engaged in the Newfoundland trade, and it was during this period that Susan had an awakening. A friend to whom she confided her history ridiculed her belief and position; and all was over with her peace of mind. When Newson came home at the end of one winter he saw that the delusion he had so carefully sustained had vanished forever.

There was then a time of sadness. Newson left home again on the Newfoundland trade when the season came round. The news of his loss at sea a little later on solved a problem which had become torture to her meek conscience. She saw him no more.

Of Henchard they heard nothing. To the liege subjects of Labor, England is a continent, and a mile is a geographical degree.

Elizabeth Jane developed early into womanliness. One day, a month or so after receiving intelligence of Newson's death off the Bank of Newfoundland, when the girl was about eighteen, she was sitting on a willow chair in the cottage they still occupied, working twine nets for the fishermen. Her mother was in a back corner of the same room, engaged in the same labor; and dropping the heavy wood needle she was filling, she surveyed her daughter thoughtfully. The sun shone in at the door upon the young woman's head and hair, which was worn loose, so that the rays streamed into its depths as into a hazel copse. Her face, though somewhat wan and incomplete, possessed the raw materials of beauty in a promising degree. There was an underhandsomeness in it, struggling to reveal itself through the provisional curves of immaturity, and the casual disfigurements that resulted from the straitened circumstances of their lives. She was handsome in the bone, hardly as yet handsome in the flesh. She possibly might never be fully handsome, unless the carking accidents of her daily existence could be evaded before the mobile parts of her countenance had settled to their final mould.

The sight of the girl made her mother sad—not vaguely, but by logical inference. They both were still in that strait-waistcoat of poverty from which she had tried so many times to be delivered for the girl's sake. The woman had long perceived how zealously and constantly the young mind of her companion was struggling for enlargement; and yet now, in her eighteenth year, it still remained but little unfolded. The desire—sober and repressed—of Elizabeth Jane's heart was indeed to see, to hear, and to understand. How could she become a woman of wider knowledge, higher repute—"better," as she termed it—this was her constant inquiry of her mother. She sought further into things than other girls in her position ever did, and her mother groaned as she felt she could not aid in the search.

The sailor was now lost to them; and Susan's stanch, religious adherence to him as her husband, till her views had been disturbed by enlightenment, was demanded no more. She asked herself whether the present moment, now that she was a free woman again, were not as opportune a one as she would find, in a world where everything had been so inopportune, for making a desperate effort to advance Elizabeth Jane. To pocket her pride and search for the first husband seemed, wisely or not, the best initiatory step. He had possibly drunk himself into his tomb. But he might, on the other hand, have had too much sense to do so, for in her time with him he had been given to bouts only, and was not a habitual drunkard.

At any rate, the propriety of returning to him, if he lived, was unquestionable. The awkwardness of searching for him lay in enlightening Elizabeth Jane, a proceeding which her mother could not endure to contemplate. She finally resolved to undertake the search without confiding to the girl her former relations with Henchard, leaving it to him, if they found him, to take what steps he might choose to that end. This will account for their conversation at the fair, and the half-informed state in which Elizabeth Jane was led onward.

In this attitude they proceeded on their journey, trusting solely to the dim light afforded of Henchard's whereabouts by the furmity woman. The strictest economy was indispensable. Sometimes they might have been seen on foot, sometimes on farmers' wagons, sometimes in carriers' vans; and thus they drew near to Casterbridge. Elizabeth Jane discovered to her alarm that her mother's health was not what it once had been, and there was ever and anon in her talk that finality of tone which showed that but for the girl she would not be very sorry to quit a life she was growing thoroughly weary of.

It was on a Friday evening, near the middle of September, and just before dusk, that they reached the summit of a hill within a mile of the place they sought. There were no hedges to the highway here, and they mounted upon the green turf and sat down. The spot commanded a full view of the town and its environs.

"What an old-fashioned place it seems to be!" said Elizabeth Jane, while her silent mother mused on other things than topography. "It is huddled all together; and it is shut in by a wall of trees, like a plot of ground by a box-edging. . . . . Why, it is square."

Its squareness was indeed the singular characteristic which most struck the eye in this antiquated borough—the borough of Casterbridge—at that time, recent as it was, untouched by the faintest sprinkle of modernism. It was compact as a box of dominoes. It had no suburbs—in the ordinary sense. Country and town met at a mathematical line.

To birds of the more soaring kind Casterbridge must have appeared on this fine evening as a mosaic-work of subdued reds, browns, grays, and crystals, held together by a rectangular frame of deep green. To the level eye of humanity it stood as an indistinct mass behind a dense stockade of limes and chestnuts, set in the midst of miles of rotund down and concave field. The mass became gradually dissected by the vision into towers, gables, chimneys, and casements, the highest glazings shining bleared and blood-shot with the coppery fire they caught from the belt of sun-lit cloud in the west.

From the centre of each side of this tree-bound square ran avenues east, west, and south into the wide expanse of corn land and combe to the distance of a mile or so, after which the highway was bare. It was one of these avenues that the pedestrians had entered. Before they had risen to proceed, two men passed by, engaged in argumentative conversation.

"Why, surely," said Elizabeth Jane, as they receded, "those men mentioned the name of Henchard in their talk—the name of our relative?"

"I thought so too," said Mrs. Newson (as she may be called for the present).

"That seems a hint to us that he is still here."

"Yes."

"Shall I run after them and ask them about him?"

"No, no, no! Not for the world just yet. He may be in the work-house or in the stocks, for all we know."

"Dear me—why should you think that, mother?"

"'Twas just something to say—that's all. But we must make private inquiries."

Having sufficiently rested, they proceeded on their way. The dense trees of the avenue rendered the road dark as a tunnel, though the corn-land on each side was still under a faint daylight; in other words, they passed down a midnight between two gloamings. The features of the town had a keen interest for Elizabeth Jane's mother now that the human side came to the fore. As soon as they approached the margin they could see that the stockade of gnarled trees which framed in Casterbridge was itself an avenue, standing on a low green bank or escarpment, with a ditch yet visible without. Within the avenue and bank was a wall more or less discontinuous, and within the wall were packed the abodes of the burghers.

Though the two women did not know it, these external features were but the ancient defenses of the town, planted as a promenade.

The lamp-lights now glimmered through the engirdling trees, conveying a sense of great snugness and comfort inside, and rendering at the same time the unlighted country without strangely solitary and vacant in aspect, considering its nearness to life. The difference between burgh and champaign was increased, too, by sounds which now reached them above others—the notes of a brass band. The travellers wandered down the High Street, where there were timber houses with overhanging stories, whose small-paned lattices were screened by dimity curtains on a drawing-string, and under whose barge-boards old cobwebs waved in the breeze. There were houses of brick-nogging, which derived their chief support from those adjoining. There were slate roofs patched with tiles, and tile roofs patched with slate, with occasionally a roof of thatch.

The agricultural and pastoral character of the people upon whom the town depended for its existence was shown by the class of objects displayed in the shop windows. Scythes, reap-hoops, sheep-shears, bill-hooks, spades, mattocks, and hoes at the iron-monger's; bee-hives, butter-firkins, churns, milking stools and pails, hay-rakes, field-flagons, and seed-lips at the cooper's; cart ropes and plough harness at the saddler's; corn drills and winnowing machines at the wheelwright's and machinist's; horse embrocations at the chemist's; at the glover's and leather-cutter's hedging gloves, thatcher's knee-naps, ploughmen's leggings, villagers' pattens and clogs.

They came to a grizzled church, whose massive square tower rose unbroken into the darkening sky, the lower parts being illuminated by the nearest lamps sufficiently to show how completely the mortar from the joints of the stone-work had been nibbled out by time and weather, which had planted in the crevices thus made little tufts of stone-crop and grass almost as far up as the very battlements. From this tower the clock struck eight, and thereupon a bell began to toll with a peremptory clang. The curfew was still rung in Casterbridge, and it was utilized by the inhabitants as a signal for shutting their shops. No sooner did the deep notes of the bell throb between the house fronts than a clatter of shutters arose through the whole length of the High Street. In a few minutes business at Casterbridge was ended for the day.

Other clocks struck eight from time to time—one gloomily from the jail, another from the gable of an almshouse, with a preparative creak of machinery more audible than the note of the bell; a row of tall varnished case clocks from the interior of a watch-maker's shop joined in one after another just as the shutters were inclosing them, like a row of actors delivering their final speeches before the fall of the curtain; then chimes were heard stammering out the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn; so that chronologists of the advanced school were appreciably on their way to the next hour before the whole business of the old one was satisfactorily wound up.

In an open space before the church walked a woman with her gown sleeves rolled up so high that the edge of her under-linen was visible, and her skirt tucked up through her pocket-hole. She carried a loaf under her arm, from which she was pulling pieces of bread and handing them to some other women who walked with her, which pieces they nibbled critically. The sight reminded Mrs. Henchard-Newson and her daughter that they had an appetite, and they inquired of the woman for the nearest baker's.

"Ye may as well look for manna-food as good bread in Casterbridge just now," she said, after directing them. "They can blare their trumpets and thump their drums, and have their roaring dinners"—waving her hand toward a point further down the street, where the brass band could be seen standing in front of an illuminated building—"but we must needs be put to for want of a wholesome crust. There's less good bread than good beer in Casterbridge now."

"And less good beer than swipes," said a man with his hands in his pockets.

"How does it happen there's no good bread?" asked Mrs. Henchard.

"Oh, 'tis the corn-factor. He's the man that our millers and bakers all deal wi', and he has sold 'em grown wheat, which they didn't know was grown—so they say—till the dough ran all over the ovens like quicksilver; so that the loaves be as flat as toads, and like suet pudden inside. I've been a wife, and I've been a mother, and I never see such unprincipled bread in Casterbridge as this before— But you must be a real stranger here not to know what's made all the poor folks' innards plim like blowed blathers this week?"

"I am," said Elizabeth's mother, shyly.

Not wishing to be observed further till she knew more of her future in this place, she withdrew with her daughter from the speaker's side. Getting a couple of biscuits at the shop indicated as a temporary substitute for a meal, they next bent their steps instinctively to where the music was playing.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW score yards brought them to the spot where the town band was now shaking the window-panes with the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England."

The building before whose doors they had pitched their music stands was the chief hotel in Casterbridge—namely, The Golden Crown. A spacious bow-window projected into the street over the main portico, and from the open sashes came the babble of voices, the jingle of glasses, and the popping of corks. The blinds, moreover, being left unclosed, the whole interior of this room could be surveyed from the top of a flight of steps opposite, for which reason a knot of idlers had gathered there.

"We might, perhaps, after all, make a few inquiries about—our relation, Mr. Henchard," whispered Mrs. Newson, who, since her entry into Casterbridge, had seemed strangely weak and agitated. "And this, I think, would be a good place for trying it; just to ask, you know, how he stands in the town, if he is here, as I think he must be. You, Elizabeth Jane, had better be the one to do it. I'm too worn out to do anything. Pull down your fall first." She sat down upon the lowest step, and Elizabeth Jane obeyed her directions, and stood among the idlers.

"What's going on to-night?" asked the girl, after singling out an old man, and standing by him long enough to acquire a neighborly right of converse.

"Well, ye must be a stranger, sure," said the old man, without taking his eyes from the window. "Why, 'tis a great public dinner of the gentle people and such like leading folk, wi' the Mayor in the chair. As we plainer fellows baint invited, they leave the winder-shutters open that we may get jest a sense o't out here. If you mount the steps you can see 'em. That's Mr. Henchard, the Mayor, at the end of the table, a-facing ye; and that's the Councilmen right and left. . . . . Ah, lots of them when they begun life were no more than I be now!"

"Henchard?" said Elizabeth Jane, surprised, but by no means suspecting the whole force of the revelation. She ascended among the other persons to the space at the top of the steps.

Her mother, though her head was bowed, had already caught from the window tones that strangely riveted her attention before the old man's words, "Mr. Henchard, the Mayor," reached her ears. She arose, and ascended in her daughter's rear as soon as she could do so without showing exceptional eagerness.

The interior of the hotel dining-room was spread out before her, with its tables and glass and plate and inmates. Facing the window, in the chair of dignity, sat a man approaching forty years of age, of heavy frame, large features, and commanding voice, his general build being rather coarse than compact. He had a rich complexion, which verged on swarthiness, a flashing black eye, and dark bushy brows and hair. When he indulged in an occasional loud laugh at some remark among the guests, his large mouth parted so far back as to show to the rays of the chandelier a full score or more of the two-and-thirty sound white teeth that he obviously still could boast of.

The laugh was not encouraging to strangers, and hence it may have been well that it was rarely heard. Many theories might have been built upon it. It fell in well with a conjectured temperament which would have no pity for weakness, but would be ready to yield ungrudging admiration to greatness and strength. Its producer's personal goodness, if he had any, would be of a very fitful cast—an occasional almost oppressive generosity rather than a mild and constant kindness.

Susan Henchard's husband—in law, at least—sat before them, matured in shape, stiffened in line, exaggerated in traits, disciplined, thought-marked—in a word, older. Elizabeth, encumbered with no recollections as her mother was, regarded him with nothing more than the keen curiosity and interest which the discovery of such unexpected social standing in the long-sought relative naturally begot. He was dressed in an old-fashioned evening suit, an expanse of frilled shirt showing on his broad breast; jewelled studs, and a heavy gold chain. Three glasses stood at his right hand; but, to his wife's surprise, the two for wine were empty, while the third, a tumbler, was half full of water.

When last she had seen him he was sitting in a light fustian jacket, corduroy waistcoat and breeches, and tanned leather leggings, with a basin of hot furmity before him. Time, the magician, had wrought much here. Watching him, and thus thinking of past days, she became so moved that she shrank back against the jamb of the deep doorway to which the steps gave access, the shadow from it conveniently hiding her features. She forgot her daughter, till a touch from Elizabeth Jane aroused her. "Have you seen him, mother?" whispered the girl.

"Yes, yes," answered her companion, hastily. "I have seen him, and it is enough for me. Now I only want to go—pass away—die."

"Why—O what?" She drew closer, and whispered in her mother's ear: "Do he seem to you not likely to befriend us? I thought he looked a generous man. What a gentleman he is, isn't he? and how his diamond studs shine! How strange that you should have said he might be in the stocks, or in the work-house, or dead! Did ever anything go more by contraries! Why do you feel so afraid of him? I am not at all. I'll call upon him; he can but say he don't own such remote kin."

"I don't know at all; I can't tell what to set about. I feel so down."

"Don't be that, mother, now we have got here and all! Rest there where you be a little while; I will look on and find out more about him."

"I don't think I can ever meet Mr. Henchard. He is not how I thought he would be; he overpowers me. I don't wish to see him any more."

"But wait a little time and consider."

Elizabeth Jane had never been so much interested in anything in her life as in their present position, partly from the natural elation she felt at discovering herself, in the old phrase, akin to a coach; and she gazed again at the scene. The younger guests were talking and eating with animation; their elders were searching for tidbits, and sniffing and grunting over their plates like sows nuzzling for acorns. Three drinks seemed to be sacred to the company—port, sherry, and rum, outside which old-established trinity few or no palates ranged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW NAVAL CRUISER.

The steel cruiser *Chicago*, the largest of the four vessels whose construction was authorized by the Forty-seventh Congress, was launched from Roach's ship-yard, at Chester, on the Delaware, on December 5. The traditional bottle of champagne was broken over her bows by Miss Edith Cleborne, and three birds—an Irish thrush, a Baltimore oriole, and a canary—were at the same time liberated from a cage gayly decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons. The keel of the *Chicago* was laid on December 15, 1883. Her cost was estimated by the Naval Advisory Board at $1,248,000, but Mr. John Roach offered to build her for $889,000, and the contract was awarded to him. His bids for the *Boston*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Dolphin*, submitted at the same time, were lower than those of any of his competitors, and he also secured the contracts for those vessels. Before any one of the three cruisers was completed Mr. Roach made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The government undertook to finish the vessels, and work upon the *Chicago* was carried on under the direction of officers detailed from the bureaus of the Navy Department.

"The *Chicago*," said Secretary Chandler, in his Annual Report for 1883, "is an example of the largest and best unarmored cruising and fighting vessels now built, and will have no superior in the world in the combination of speed, endurance, and armament." She is a steam cruiser of 4500 tons displacement, and her dimensions are as follows: Length, between perpendiculars, 315 feet; extreme breadth, 48 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 31 feet 4 inches; mean draught, 19 feet. She was constructed with a double bottom 42 inches deep, extending through the space occupied by the machinery and boilers. The machinery is below the water-line, and is protected by a deflective steel deck whose outer edge bends downward and extends to a point four feet below that line. She has two complete sets of compound beam engines, which are to drive twin screws, each 15½ feet in diameter, and with these are fourteen steel boilers, each 9 feet in diameter and 10 feet long. The engines are required to show 5000 horse-power. Her sea speed was estimated at fourteen knots, and her smooth-water speed at sixteen knots. Part of her armament will consist of four 8-inch and ten 6-inch breech-loading rifled cannon.

The selection of beam engines and brick furnaces for this vessel has been severely criticised, and it has been said that a closer imitation of methods prevailing abroad would have insured greater speed at a reduced consumption of coal. The exact measure of the *Chicago's* speed has not yet been ascertained, but the sea speed of several similar vessels built in Europe far surpasses the speed estimated for her by her designers. Inasmuch as speed is especially desired in an unarmored cruiser, the record to be made by the *Chicago* will be very useful in guiding the designers of the other cruisers which are to be built for our new navy.

THE OYSTER WAR.

A more peaceful and unexciting occupation than the pursuit of the dumb and unresisting oyster can hardly be imagined, unless, perhaps, it be the resurrection from muddy depths of the soft-shell clam, and yet it would appear from newspaper reports, published annually at this season of the year, that there is engaged in this quiet walk in life a class of as blood-thirsty pirates as ever drew cutlass or hoisted the black flag. The yearly warfare between these oyster pirates and the State authorities of Maryland has just begun on the Chesapeake Bay, and a graphic picture of a naval engagement between the two forces is published in this issue.

Everybody is doubtless aware that the bottom of Chesapeake Bay in many places is fairly macadamized with oysters in the shell, and that the work of one who dredges thereabouts is full of profit. Oysters are shovelled up in this vicinity like coal from a well-filled bin, and as they are always a marketable commodity, it is not to be wondered at that they attract piratical river men in large numbers. To thwart the work of these oyster poachers, the State of Maryland keeps in service a fleet of police war ships which cruise among the islands below Annapolis, and frequently come into contact with the thieves. The first affair of the present season occurred a night or two before Christmas, when a police steamer swept down upon a fleet of the oyster pirates, and was received with plenty of cold lead from the poachers. It was not reported that anybody was killed, but in the words of one of the valiant policemen, "Things were lively for a while." Finally, however, the admiral of the State forces got a cannon into range, and routed the pirates.

Last year there were several serious battles, and the outlook is said to be bright for several fierce engagements in the near future. Trouble appears to be brewing all around the bay. The police steamer *Kent* a few nights ago met a flotilla of determined dredgers making for Fishing Bay, bent upon recapturing an oyster-boat that had been taken by the authorities. A general fusillade was opened upon both sides, and continued until the small boats of the pirates succeeded in escaping in the fog. The routing of these oyster pirates is rendered difficult by the fact that they spring up from all points on the bay, taking advantage of the removal of the police boats to any one threatened point by hurriedly working forbidden beds in other localities. They also, reversing the order of making hay while the sun shines, are quick to take advantage of the frequent and heavy fogs which hang over the bay. Although a police sloop is kept continually on patrol at ground reserved for oyster tongers near the mouth of the Wicomico and Nanticoke rivers, the piratical dredgers, by bold sorties, have already succeeded this year in taking hundreds of bushels of oysters from the forbidden ground. It should be explained that the State law forbids dredging, while permitting ~~oysters to~~ be fished for with tongs in many portions of the bay. As a consequence of this law there are innumerable conflicts between the dredgers and the tongers, in addition to the battles between the dredgers and the police.

THE APACHE TRAIL.

The long record of our Indian hostilities contains no "war" so full of peculiar difficulties as is that which continually goes on with the several bands of the Apaches. It began as soon as they were near enough for a collision, and it can hardly be said to have ceased at any time. Some of the features of the perpetual conflict are vividly presented on our front page. The waterless, treeless, burning levels of rock and sand break down the horses of pursuing cavalry. They receive a trail but faintly, and it soon disappears. They are bordered or broken by mountain ranges, whose rugged slopes arise from the very sand, and whose passes are known to the red men, but have been little explored by the whites.

A further complication of every attempt to bring the Apaches within the control of our very efficient and devoted military police is the vicinity of the Mexican boundary line. Beyond that political barrier United States cavalry may not ride, and it is rarely possible to secure the co-operation of Mexican armed forces. In fact, the Mexican states bordering New Mexico and Arizona have been so desolated and weakened by the depredations of these savages as to be no longer able to do much for their own protection. Such troops as they at times gather are said to be but little feared by the Apaches. The most vigorous and persistent trailing and hard riding is baffled by the Rio Grande or the landmarks further westward, which inform a commanding officer that the dim traces he is following have crossed the frontier.

The vast regions exposed to the operations of the Apaches can not by any absurdity be considered "their country." They are not all desert and mountain, but contain rich agricultural areas, as well as valuable mineral deposits. That settlers will venture deeper and deeper into the land of danger is one of the certainties of American enterprise and daring, but each exploring party, each ranch, each drove of quadrupeds, offers another temptation to chiefs like Geronimo and born raiders like his followers. It is probable that the greater part of their exploits is unreported, but that which is known is sad enough.

All honor is due to the army officers who have had this trying and thankless warfare in charge. They have moderated and restrained the vengeful wrath of the settlers, while they have made the best use possible of the limited forces at their disposal.

The cut presents a life-like illustration of the manner in which the difficulties of desert and mountain trailing have been overcome in part by the employment of the Chiricahua band as army scouts. They are Apaches precisely like the rest, no better, and are all looked upon as "coyotes" by such tribes as the Sioux, Cheyennes, or Navajoes. Even physically they are inferior in size and strength, and are for the greater part of mixed race. For three centuries, in their raids upon the Mexican tribes, they have carried the women off as booty, like the horses.

As the settlements increase in number and population, the need of protection increases, and the capacity of the settlers for self-protection becomes a positive assurance that they will act with increasing vigor, and not always wisely.

The Apaches must be suppressed, but the fighting to be done should be under the intelligent control of regular army men, amply supplied and re-enforced as they never yet have been.

NEW-YEAR'S CALLS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Dutch custom of gentlemen making New-Year's calls on the ladies of their acquaintance remained exclusively a local fashion in New York for a hundred years after the settlement of New Amsterdam; and it did not become a generally observed American custom until so recent a period that its introduction in many communities is within the easy recollection of persons who are not yet old. After New York became the great city it now is, gentlemen of large acquaintance began to find it physically impossible to call on all their friends; and ladies of large acquaintances were forced to make it the weariest day in the calendar. When to these practical inconveniences fashion added the folly of making it a feast-day, the beautiful old custom became burdensome. The postman, therefore, now carries the compliments that most callers formerly paid in person; and the duty of paying calls is observed chiefly by intimate friends. The elaborate formality of the New-Year's Day of a few years ago will soon be only a matter of history.

But its most ceremonious observance has become an interesting and permanent feature of official life at Washington. On the first New-Year's Day of President Washington's first term he congratulated himself that the pretty New York custom of making calls was adopted at Washington in official society; and after receiving the compliments of all the distinguished persons at the capital, he turned at tea that evening to a visitor from New York, and said, in his stately fashion: "The highly favored situation of New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous immigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of New-Year's Day."

Since Washington's time the observance of New-Year's Day, which he so graciously welcomed and encouraged, has become perhaps the most rigid unwritten law of official society, and there is no other day in the calendar of so much ceremonious pomp. It is the only day when all the members of official society at the capital call on the President. At eleven o'clock he receives the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps. The ministers, of course, are attired every one in his official robes, and nowhere else in the world, except at the court receptions at a few European capitals, can the sight be seen of representative dignitaries of all nations in one group. After these come the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; then Senators and Representatives, and the most important officers of the District of Columbia; then the officers of the army and of the navy, in full uniform. After these the more important officers in the several departments at Washington, veterans, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic are received, and between one and two o'clock the President holds a reception of citizens. The rest of the day is spent by these several classes of official persons in calling on one another. This ceremonious character that has been given to the observance of New-Year's Day at Washington is becoming a feature of its observance also at State capitals, so that the old Dutch social custom has given our official society one of its most pompous but at the same time "cordial and cheerful" features.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Genoese gentleman has just disclosed the fact that he is in possession of the chains with which Columbus was bound after his discovery of America. The gentleman has owned the chains for twenty years without telling. In 1865, becoming aware that the chains were in existence somewhere on this continent, he came hither and secured them. He was likely to have kept his possession of them a secret for a still longer time, but reading so frequently newspaper paragraphs regarding the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery, his conscience reproached him, and he permitted the facts concerning the chains to become known.

The theory that there is no unscrupulous humor in the land of Friedrich Barbarossa is made to appear fallacious from time to time. A Berlin journal is credited with observing: "It is incredible to what expedients American newspapers resort to gain a point over a competitor. Three eatable papers, printed on sugar-cakes flattened out, appear at present in America; two on rolled chewing tobacco, five on fly-paper, one on porous-plaster, and seven on linen handkerchiefs. Three publishers have each of their subscribers published yearly, and make them a present of a dozen photographs, several give them free burial, five invite them to dinner once a week, and 261 give orders which entitle subscribers to the services of a physician." The paragraph has quite a Parisian air, or it might be a product of our own West—where the existence of humor is undoubted—and attributed to Berlin for the sake of giving it additional tang.

In view of the rare privilege which the mistletoe brings, and of the fact that it was rarely seen here a score of years ago, it is interesting to note that sprigs of it were sold in this market for ten cents apiece during the holiday season just passed.

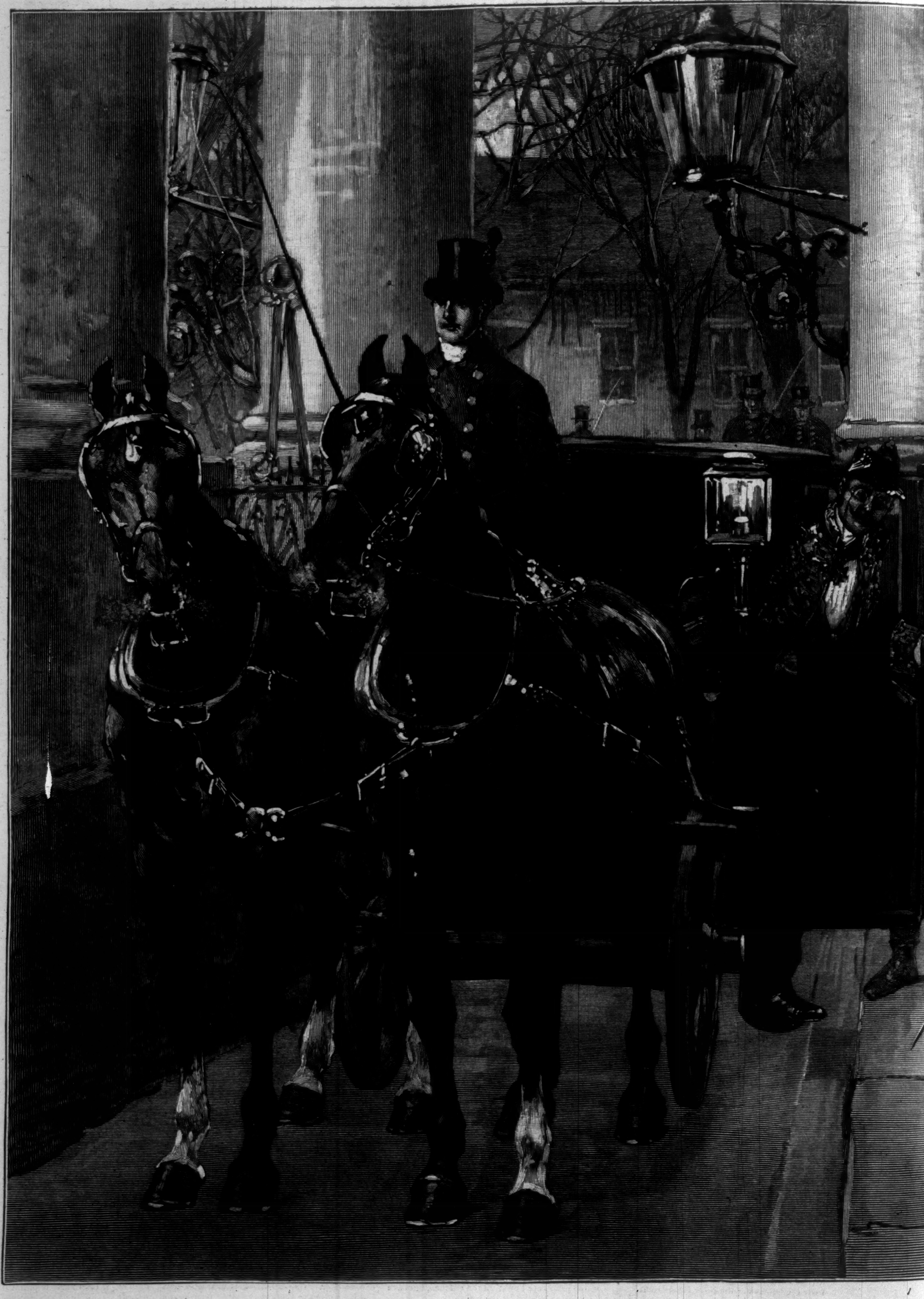
A correspondent of the *Princetonian* objects to the short cheer in vogue among the Princeton men. It is emitted more quickly than the Yale cheer, he says, and the Yale cheer continuing after it has ceased (say at a foot-ball match), "the natural deduction is that the Yale men can outyell us. . . . Would not sufficient moderation to allow the long, strong cheer to be given, and thus drown out all opponents, be an advantageous thing?" The correspondent's idea has long been a practice in the Chinese army. They make an inimitable noise. The advantage of it is said to depend a good deal upon the nature of the enemy.

A newspaper paragraph says that a Harvard student has an insurance of twenty thousand dollars on the furniture of his rooms.

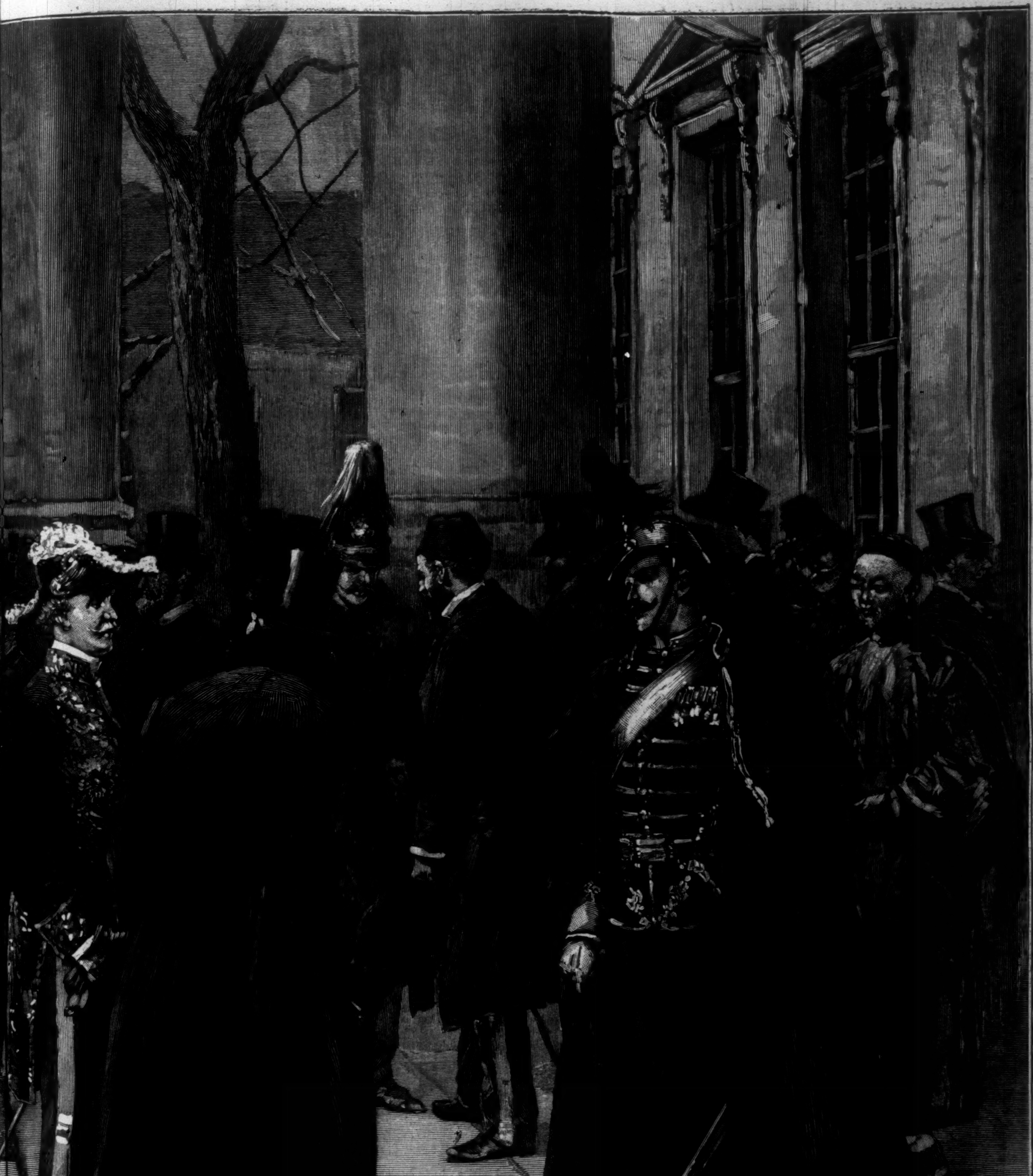
A recent essay deals with the terrors of English spelling. The child learning to spell, it says, undergoes "one of the most mind-stunting processes that has ever formed a part of the general education of any people." The child who finds it hard to learn to spell "may be expected to develop strong logical faculties." The essay supplies a long-felt want. There is a vast army of otherwise praiseworthy people who can not spell, and who will hug to the heart an assurance which sets a premium on orthographic inability. A little over nine hundred hours is the time it takes an Italian boy to learn to read, the essay says, while it takes an English boy three thousand five hundred hours.

In three years from now, according to the London *Truth*, England expects to have finished the strongest war ship in the world. She has already been three years building, and was recently launched at Portsmouth. The labor and materials for making her have cost £475,000, and her machinery will cost £105,000 more. Her name is the *Camperdown*. Seven hundred hands have been constantly employed in her construction. "She is the heaviest ship ever launched from government slips, and is the first man-of-war that has been launched with her armor on. The *Camperdown* is built entirely of steel, and in her armament she will be the most powerful vessel of all her class; her displacement will be ten thousand tons."

An interesting discussion concerning Anglomania has recently been carried on in the columns of the Harvard *Crimson*. An editorial article in the paper rebuked American college men for imitating Englishmen. Reply was made by a student who spoke of himself in his letter as "thoroughly American," and at the same time said: "I wish to protest against this narrowing down of our models. I can not see that I am less patriotic because, finding that the dress of Englishmen is more becoming, and their speech more musical than our own, I try to copy after them in these respects." Other correspondents immediately came on, with pens finely sharpened against this one. "To pretend to be what one is not," says one of them, "is to be dishonest as well as ill bred . . . . I venture the assertion, based upon some knowledge of what I am talking about, that the most ardent imitators (who are always at a respectful distance) of English society manners are the ones sure to be most hopelessly left on application for *entrée* to social life in England. In England the flattery of imitation is left to serving-people; when it spreads to other classes it becomes the subserviency of fools." The controversy was confined to letter-writing, and at no time has it been made unpleasant for a person to wear in Cambridge a top-coat which was shorter than his under coat, or to speak in imitation of any model to which his fancy pleased to turn.



NEW-YEAR'S CALLS AT THE WHITE HOU



OUSE—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 23.]

AN AMERICAN PENELOPE.

I.

Anthony Ledgett arrived at the thriving town of B—— at half past two o'clock on a summer afternoon. In every sense of the term his was a return of the native. He was born here in a small house, which had since been demolished to make space for a wide thoroughfare. He had been away for twenty-five years, and young citizens knew him not. He sought a convenient hotel on foot, with his portmanteau in his hand. He had come unannounced to those who should welcome him, and his incognito amused him. There is a Haroun-al-Raschid element in most men, and especially in one absent since youth. Anthony Ledgett glanced about him, half hoping to see a familiar face. He met only the responsive scrutiny of a town where he was completely forgotten. All was changed; and, oddly enough, while the place, stirred by modern enterprise, had grown, expanded in every direction, it seemed narrow and contracted to the returned wanderer. Such was his revenge on his birthplace for flourishing without him. Stay! Was all changed? Ah, no; the foundation-stone of the community remained. The familiar sign of Sheen & Co. confronted and re-assured him. Sheen & Co. welcomed him at every turn. Other houses might crumble and disappear, but the very name of Sheen had an untarnished lustre, and was stamped all over the town, in public museum and library; in a park, with a zoological collection; in a bank adorned with a great gilt eagle; and in an extensive pottery on the outskirts, where the operatives formed a separate community in model dwellings, warranted as to sanitary regulations.

"They are the right sort, Sheen & Co.," mused Anthony Ledgett, nodding his head at the first man he met with an expression of such mysterious confidence that the pedestrian stared in suspicious surprise. "There are no ups and downs to their prosperity. The business is handed down from father to son. Safe and sure is their creed, and none of your break-neck modern speculations. What says the fable? One man traverses the world in pursuit of coy Fortune, while another stays at home and is sought out by the fair goddess instead. The Sheens have tarried here and imparted an opulent aspect to the very streets, and I have journeyed thousands of miles to fag at all sorts of trades. Well, we must each take our chances; and it is a question of luck, after all."

He entered the hotel—no other than the Sheen House—in the pride of citizenship, and meekly followed the waiter to a room assigned him by the clerk at the desk. He carried his own portmanteau—a proceeding which lowered him in the estimation of the establishment. Once alone, he locked the door, seated himself before the table, opened the portmanteau, and drew forth a package. Then he pushed aside the bag with his foot. The package contained bank-notes and bonds to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

"I am like the sailors who reach port with prize-money," thought Anthony Ledgett. "How shall I place this sum? The old woman's teapot, or a stocking, is the only safe place. Sheen's Bank is next best. I will leave this money in their care until I decide how to invest. Next week will be time enough, after I've visited the old farm and seen my dutiful nephew."

He slipped the packet of money into the breast pocket of his coat, and went out. Banking hours were not over. Anthony Ledgett hastened to the bank, and found no difficulty in depositing the modest nest-egg which he had brought with him. Going and returning he encountered no familiar face. At the hotel he again sought his own room, and looked at himself in a mirror with cynical curiosity. The glass reflected a large and tall figure clad in light, loose raiment of eccentric fashion. The face was oval, with strongly marked brows and fine features, clear gray eyes, and a bronzed skin, while the hair was of a silvery whiteness. The eyes expressed resolution and daring; the mouth was firm, with audacity perceptible in the curves; the carriage of the broad shoulders was reckless.

"Some girl might fall in love with you, old fellow, if you kept your hat on," he said aloud; and then he yawned, consulting his watch.

He had no very definite plan other than to eat his dinner when the hour came. He fell asleep in his chair, and dreamed that a maiden, as airy and fresh as the June day, gave him a rose. The boom of the hotel gong mingled with his slumbers, yet did not awaken him. At seven o'clock a servant knocked loudly at his door, and bade him, somewhat indignantly, descend to the remnants of the feast. The meal over, Anthony Ledgett lighted a cigar, and simultaneously a project dawned on his mind. He hired a light wagon and a sober horse to drive to a village ten miles away, where he owned an old house. The soft twilight deepened to night, and the moon rose overhead. Youth and gayety stole over him with the scent of the pines and the murmur of the sea on the sandy New Jersey coast. He hummed a song as he drove along. He reached his destination. The village was drowsy and silent, save for the usual animation about the store. The large mansion beyond was one blaze of light, shed abroad from every casement, while music hummed on the air. Anthony Ledgett entered the gate and walked up the avenue of pine-trees. He removed his hat and bowed to the house.

"These festivities must be in honor of my arrival," he said.

He approached a window, and paused spellbound. He saw a girl dancing.

II.

Anthony Ledgett was charmed with the vision thus unexpectedly presented to his eye. Revelry animated the old mansion, which belonged to him, and the movement of many feet responded to that invitation of the music, yet his gaze singled out the central figure of the dancing girl. Perhaps some poetical sentiment was awakened in his breast similar to that which has inspired the artists of all ages to depict the light swaying form of maidenhood in motion, whether on frescoed wall, canvas, or in marble. She advanced toward him in the figure of the quadrille, down the length of the hall, smiling, buoyant, graceful, and with outstretched hands. She was like the girl of his dream. Small and slight, her rose-colored dress clung to her rounded form in the now quaint fashion of the First Empire, and was belted with a wide sash. Loose gloves of white kid were drawn above her dimpled elbows, while the scant draperies of the skirt revealed to advantage a Cinderella shoe of pink kid and silk stocking. She was literally crowned with dazzling gems, for her black hair was gathered high over a sparkling comb, and escaped in little silky tendrils on the neck, and strings of glittering stones encircled her throat.

Anthony Ledgett seemed to have waited all his life for this blooming creature to advance toward him. A thrill shot through his heart. He drank deep of the light in her soft and arch eyes; he inhaled the perfume of the flowers which became associated with her presence. He forgot that he was fifty years of age, and instinctively extended his hands in turn; but just then the fair dancer retreated to the side of her partner, a handsome youth with curling hair and blue eyes. At the same moment a dress brushed the silent observer on the outer porch, and a voice said,

"Pardon me, but do you not come from a distance?"

"Yes," he replied, turning away reluctantly from the object of his absorbed contemplation.

A lady stood beside him. She was tall and of dignified mien, and her faded comeliness was in keeping with her brocaded robe and powdered hair. Surely some masquerading spirit had taken possession of the old house to-night. Anthony Ledgett's glance rested carelessly on her, and without recognition. She blushed faintly in the dusk.

"I believe you are Anthony Ledgett," she said, tremulously. "Welcome home."

"And you?" he questioned, abruptly.

She toyed with her antique fan a moment before replying:

"You must have forgotten me in all these years. I am Augusta Selborne."

"Ah? No; I have not forgotten Augusta Selborne. Thank you for remembering me."

This was a polite fib. He had completely forgotten the young lady of his own youth, and he recalled her now only as the box-hedge of the path emitted an aromatic scent fraught with associations, and the breeze swept over the pines laden with salt spray and the good odor of seaweeds and clams.

"How did you know me?" he demanded, laughing, and holding her hand in a friendly if loose clasp.

"I should have recognized you anywhere," she replied, with a wistful glance at his profile, which was as keen and handsome as that of a cameo.

He removed his hat and showed her the crown of white hair.

"You, also, are unchanged," he asserted, with the more emphasis that the touch of Time was so plainly apparent in the sallow tint and lines of her aquiline face. "Who is that lovely creature in pink?"

Miss Selborne winced, and closed her fan with a snapping motion.

"My niece, Amy Bates. Sister Alice did not marry until after you had gone west, I think. That is Alice's daughter."

Anthony Ledgett frowned slightly.

"I must find my sister-in-law and the boy," he said, in a dry tone. "I did not write that I was coming."

"Mrs. Ledgett is serving coffee. We are having a calico ball to-night, as you see. The proceeds go to the Orphan Asylum fund."

Miss Selborne led the way to a room where a small lady in widow's weeds was standing behind a table and urn.

"Dear me, is it brother Anthony come already?" she chirped, and tossed back her cap strings with a fluttering movement. "I mean, we did not expect you before next year. I hope you do not object to using the house for a ball? Does Harry know—"

Mrs. Ledgett paused and gazed around vaguely.

The next moment a cheery voice exclaimed, "Uncle Anthony arrived? You don't say so! What luck! He shall dance the Virginia Reel with Amy."

The new-comer found his hand cordially wrung by the youth with curling hair, on whom he had gazed through the window a moment before.

"Oh yes," assented another voice, softer and infinitely more musical.

A little hand in a wrinkled white glove was laid on the coat sleeve of Anthony Ledgett, with a gesture of childish, coaxing insistence, and the girl in the pink dress smiled up at him. Delight and amazement kindled in his eyes. The muscles of his strong arm, used to slinging a rifle and guiding rebellious horses, trembled under the touch of the tiny fingers.

"Am I to dance with you?" he demanded, breathlessly.

She nodded the pretty head, crowned with the sparkling comb, while her bright eyes continued to scan his face with a pleased and interested scrutiny.

"Come along, then." He slipped his arm around her waist, and drew her to him with an imperious movement. Music in the adjoining hall rendered this unceremonious proceeding admissible, according to the dictates of fashion.

Amy quickly extricated herself from this embrace.

"Not yet," she laughed. "The reel is not formed."

Harry Ledgett gazed at her proudly.

"Is she not a darling?" he demanded. "Kiss her, Uncle Anthony."

"My dear Harry," interposed Miss Selborne, sharply.

But Anthony Ledgett had stooped to salute the fair round cheek with its roguish dimples, submissively held up to him.

"We are all dressed in calico," said Amy, in no wise embarrassed by the caress which had brought a tide of warm blood to the man's face.

"I thought it was brocade and satin," he retorted, glancing at Miss Selborne's flowered draperies.

The girl clapped her hands.

"Delicious! So like a man, too. Behold Aunt Augusta *à la Marquise* in paniers of chintz! Behold me in rose-colored print, after a portrait of my grandmother, only I should have a poke-bonnet of Leghorn straw! Oh, don't tell me you fancied my ornaments were glass, because they are real Japanese crystals."

"I have a trinket here more worthy of your neck," said Anthony Ledgett.

He took from his pocket a Mexican pearl the size of a hazel-nut, and of a delicate rosy tint, like the eggs of some birds. The gem was set in a claw of rough gold. He threaded a slender gold chain through the loop, and suspended it around Amy's throat. One pair of eyes, at least—those of the lady attired *à la Marquise*—noted that he brushed the girl's silky tresses with his lips, furtively, in clasping the chain.

"The pearl is superb!" exclaimed Amy.

"Keep it. I brought it for you," said Anthony Ledgett.

"Do you hear? The pearl is for me, Harry."

"You are most generous," said Harry, again pressing the hand of his kinsman.

The reel was danced to the entire satisfaction of Anthony Ledgett, and somewhat to the amusement of the company. He forgot his loose travelling raiment with Amy's rose-colored dress twirling about him at every step. He forgot the night outside, and the busy world beyond, where he had joined in the race for gold, when his hand clasped the little white glove of this siren. The whole nature of the man was charmed and subjugated. Harry Ledgett had selected Miss Selborne for his partner, and led her to the other end of the line of dancers. Thus Miss Selborne, sedate and dignified in her flowered paniers, met Anthony Ledgett advancing with boyish skips and extraordinary steps, while Amy and Harry sped together like birds on the wing. The two couples resembled the threads of shuttles, thrown and drawn back. The shuttles were those of Time, and the many-colored strands the years.

"Amy, come for some lemonade," said Harry, after the reel, and swept her away.

"That is scarcely fair to the returned wanderer," said Anthony Ledgett, somewhat ruefully.

Miss Selborne unsheathed one of those feminine weapons which every woman is supposed to possess in her armory.

"Oh, we must be indulgent to young lovers," she rejoined.

"Lovers," he repeated, mechanically.

She did not look at him, this man secretly cherished by her as a hero for so many years, and who had never bestowed on her more than a careless smile.

"Did you not know? Amy has been engaged to Harry for a year, and they are to be married next month."

Anthony Ledgett was silent.

III.

"The Sheen Bank has suspended," said Harry, two days afterward.

"Failed!" exclaimed Anthony Ledgett, paling perceptibly, and dropping his cigar.

"The bank has been shaky for some time," continued Harry. "The Sheens have gone the pace in stocks lately."

Anthony Ledgett stooped to recover his cigar. Miss Shelborne observed him closely.

"Are you acquainted with the Sheens?" she asked, quietly.

"It seems not," he retorted, with a short laugh. "I believed in them, and you should not put your faith in the princes of this world. I deposited a sum of money there the other day."

"Oh, brother Anthony! we could have warned you had you asked us," cried Mrs. Ledgett, in dismay.

"I never asked advice of any one," he said, and his face acquired its most reckless expression.

They were seated in the porch. The old house basked in the sunshine, with a certain solemnity in the peaceful aspect. In the rear were the detached buildings where the original owner kept his slaves years ago, while in front an avenue of pine-trees led to the gate. Ridges of sand defined the shore beyond, and formed a barrier which rendered the sea invisible. The horse-chestnut-trees were in blossom, and humming-birds hovered near, like sparkling jewels, to sip the nectar of the flowers. Such was the haven reached by Anthony Ledgett, a property left him by his grandmother, and tenanted by his sister-in-law while her husband had joined him in the West, where he had died. Miss Selborne and her niece were spending the summer with Mrs. Ledgett. Amy, still wearing the pink dress and little high-heeled shoes, quitted her place in a swaying hammock.

"Do you mind about the money so very much?" she inquired, attaching a rose-bud to the button-hole of Anthony Ledgett.

"No," he replied, looking down on her with tenderness.

"I dreamed of a white horse last night," observed Mrs. Ledgett, dolefully.

A telegram was brought to the new arrival. The town of Ledgettville, in Nevada, built by the brothers Ledgett, had been totally destroyed by fire.

"It never rains but it pours," he said, grimly.

"Then we are all ruined!" cried Mrs. Ledgett.

"No; the town must be rebuilt."

Uncle and nephew drove to B——. They returned toward evening.

"I am going to rebuild Ledgettville," Harry announced.

"You!" gasped Amy.

"You!" echoed his mother.

Harry soothed his sobbing *fiancée*. Anthony Ledgett paced the pine avenue like a restless spirit until midnight.

"All's fair in love and war," he muttered. "I mean to have her myself."

IV.

Harry departed full of enthusiasm. The three women hung on the descriptions of Ledgettville imparted by his uncle. Amy listened breathlessly.

"If brother Anthony *would* marry Augusta," whispered Mrs. Ledgett to Amy.

The girl nodded. How stupid of him not to perceive that Aunt Augusta had always secretly worshipped him! Instead, he followed Amy like a shadow. She was sufficiently quick-witted to temporize. Did he not hold the fate of all of them in his hand?"

A month later Amy stood at a window where a fern pot of Hoonan-ware filled the ledge. A humming-bird dashed in, like a gem slanting down a sunbeam, to fall at her feet, a bundle of iridized plumage, ruby and gold.

"Country folk believe that a humming-bird brings a love message to somebody in the house. Aunty, do pick it up."

Miss Selborne complied.

"Why did you not keep the messenger?" inquired Anthony Ledgett.

"I do not need it." She opened a locket worn over her heart, and showed him the words, "Love is stronger than death."

"This was to have been their wedding day," admonished Miss Selborne.

Anthony Ledgett's eyes flashed, while a glow suffused his singularly youthful face. In the next room Amy intrenched herself behind a frame on which was stretched a web of black Brussels net.

"I must work hard to finish this before Harry's return," she said, gayly.

"A model Penelope," commented Anthony Ledgett.

Miss Selborne had seated herself at the piano, and began to play a melancholy nocturne. Suddenly he bent forward and clasped Amy's hand, murmuring,

> "She was a Phantom of delight
> When first she gleamed upon my sight;
> A lovely Apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament:
> Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
> Like Twilight, too, her dusky hair;
> But all things else about her drawn
> From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
> A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
> To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

"Take care, or I shall prick you with my needle," warned Amy, tracing the pattern on the web with silks of bronze, terra-cotta, and peacock-green hues.

That night the girl clung to her aunt.

"Let us go away," she pleaded.

"Leave Mrs. Ledgett alone! Why?" demanded Miss Selborne, a cold suspicion dawning in her eyes.

"Perhaps we had better remain."

Amy shrank into herself. She evaded Anthony Ledgett, or listened to him silently, schooling the indignation of her warm young heart to endurance of treachery and wickedness. Mrs. Ledgett perceived nothing amiss. Miss Selborne gave no sign. The surface was calm, with under-currents of passionate tears, secret prayers, and wakeful nights. Anthony Ledgett telegraphed to his nephew: "*Trust nobody to oversee the work besides yourself.*"

"Ledgettville will make a man of him. Boys are too much coddled at home," he said, in response to timorous inquiries from Mrs. Ledgett.

Amy was half sheltered behind her web of lace in the frame, weaving the bronze silks through the meshes. Anthony Ledgett watched her musingly. Her inaccessibility of mood was tantalizing. "Well, Penelope, how goes your work?" he asked. She threw back her head to survey the delicate arabesque of urn and flower, with butterflies hovering near. "Show me the locket you wear," he demanded, abruptly. Amy gave it to him. He read the words, "Love is stronger than death," then dropped it awkwardly, shattering it in two halves. The girl uttered a cry. "I will have it mended," he said, coolly, and thrust the fragments into his pocket.

Amy quitted her place, and remained invisible for two days. The third day she appeared, pale and collected. "Mrs. Ledgett, I believe I will join Harry in Nevada, and be married," she announced.

"Do. I will take charge of you on the journey," said Anthony Ledgett, promptly. Amy resumed her work with the look of a hunted creature. "The real Penelope unravelled her web at night to foil importunate suitors," he pursued.

"I need not follow her example," said Amy. "Besides, my web can not be unravelled."

"Will you work on this every day?"

"Oh yes"—incautiously.

The mask fell suddenly. "I love you. Promise to give me a hearing if he has not returned when the web is finished."

"Yes. I mean—"

"It is a bargain," he cried, triumphantly.

That night Amy stole down-stairs and sought the summer parlor where her work was stretched on a frame. She had decided to cut it in shreds, to sear it in the candle flame. Arrived before it, she did neither. The glistening flowers traversing the dark surface seemed to her like threads of life. "I will work slowly," she thought, with a bitter smile.

Hark! She extinguished her light, and glided along the wall. Anthony Ledgett entered, and bent over the web. He even traced the pattern with his finger. Oh for good fairies to complete the task with nimble cunning of midnight spells, so that he might gain the prize! The woman, watching in shadow, longed to destroy, the man to complete.

Next day Amy gazed incredulously at her needlework. Half of the first medallion was effaced; the threads had been withdrawn with incredible dexterity. She watched for several nights. One dawn revealed a female figure seated before the frame. She recognized Aunt Augusta. Amy dazzled Anthony Ledgett with sudden smiles. In response to a long letter from Harry he sent a telegram: "*Stick to your bargain, or at least wait until I come.*" At home he mentioned only that Sheen & Co. would pay seventy-five cents on a dollar in time.

A year afterward a girl dressed in black was knotting the silk fringe of a faded piece of needle-work, while a man watched her eagerly. The girl was dejected, the man ardent. "Harry could write if he chose," he said.

A shower of yellow rose leaves fell in the porch, and Harry Ledgett stood on the threshold. Indians had captured and not slain him. Illness had smitten him, and yet here he was, bronzed and vigorous. Amy flew to his arms. Love is stronger than death.

Two years later Anthony Ledgett married Augusta Selborne, and dwells in the old mansion. Amy, the match-maker, smiles at her husband.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

RAILROAD FORTUNES.

ONLY when the fact is recalled that fifty years have elapsed since the railway locomotive became a practical factor in the transportation problem can the marvellous development of our railway system, and the growth of wealth owing to that development, be fully appreciated. The struggles of the inventors of half a century ago have advanced commerce and civilization in a manner that seemed almost magical, and have given fortunes that would shame the wealth of Crœsus. The men who first grasped most comprehensively the power, and foresaw the capabilities of the locomotive engine, are dead. Conspicuous among them were Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, John W. Garrett, and Colonel Thomas Scott. The first great railway systems of this country were established by their energy and genius. The roads that form these systems were, as a rule, built by others, but they conceived the idea of uniting or organizing separate portions into single extensive lines of traffic. In fact, they took the first important steps toward consolidating various interests and centralizing power. The results of Colonel Scott's labors are largely the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In the cases of Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. Garrett, the results have been vast fortunes, and the identification of their families with the control of the respective systems established by them. The first colossal fortune acquired by railroad development was left by Commodore Vanderbilt, and the first heir to such a fortune was Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. Commodore Vanderbilt's first railroad undertakings were to a large extent the result of circumstances. He was driven from the water transportation business in which he had accumulated an ample fortune by the operation of the navigation laws and the introduction of iron ships. He increased his interests in railroads, and became a manager and manipulator of railway properties, in which capacities his success was, as every one knows, phenomenal. His eldest son accepted the results of his father's exertions with a keen sense of responsibility, and after bearing that responsibility for a little less than eight years, he has developed upon others.

It was with the view of preserving intact the railway system with which the family name is identified that William H. Vanderbilt made the will that he did. His idea in leaving to his two eldest sons the great bulk of the family fortune was not to endow them with wealth in excess of their brothers and sisters, or in any sense, but to leave them the successor to, and in control of the business that his father had established. People generally, and Wall Street in particular, look upon the millions that have descended to the younger Vanderbilts as so much material for enjoyment and speculation. That some enjoyment may be derived from them can not be gainsaid, but it can hardly be commensurate with the task of caring for such vast wealth and managing the properties in which it is invested. Devotion to the latter is imperative. The popular idea seems to be that young men possessing the wealth that Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt have just become possessed of have nothing but ease and luxury before them. This is decidedly not the case. They can, and must of necessity, place a large part of their responsibility upon others, but the greater burden must be borne by themselves, and to them only will the public look for the discharge of what is really a public trust. In order to show clearly the nature of their obligations it is only necessary to observe the relations of the Vanderbilt estate and influence to the railway system that bears the name, and the proportion that system sustains to the entire transportation facilities of the country. The estate can very safely be estimated at about $300,000,000. The greater part of it is invested in continuous lines of railroad reaching from the Atlantic almost to the Rocky Mountains. These lines include such leading roads as the New York Central, the Harlem, the West Shore, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, Michigan Central, and its auxiliary line the Canada Southern, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis. Their total mileage is fully 10,400 miles, or about one-twelfth of the entire mileage of the United States, while their capitalization, par value, is in round numbers $687,000,000, and stands in about the same proportion as the mileage to the entire railroad capital of the country. Aside from forming so large a part of the nation's transportation facilities, the lines are so situated as to dictate the terms of traffic to at least one-half of the entire railroad mileage. In addition to the direct power over the system indicated, the estate is to a lesser degree potential in the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, the Boston and Albany, the New York, Ontario, and Western, and the Philadelphia and Reading, to say nothing of the partially completed South Pennsylvania system, which is in process of transfer to another interest. It is worth noting that the estate of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is nearly equal to one-half of the capitalization of the first group of roads mentioned.

A glance at the men who are to wield the enormous power indicated can not fail to be of interest. Cornelius, the eldest son of William H. Vanderbilt, is now forty years of age. He was born in New York, and educated in one of her academic schools. Before attaining his majority he began serving as a clerk in the banking house of his uncles, the Kissam Brothers. It was his father's intention that he should become a banker. After a few years' experience in banking, he was appointed assistant treasurer of the New York and Harlem Railroad, and soon after Treasurer. Upon the accession of his father to the presidency of the New York Central Company, Cornelius was chosen one of the vice-presidents, and placed at the head of the finance department of the company, and upon the retirement of his father from the presidency, and the introduction of the English system of management upon the Vanderbilt roads, he was elected chairman of the board of directors, a position he still holds. He also continues at the head of the finance department of the company. At the same time he was elected chairman of the New York Central board, he was chosen to a similar position in the Michigan Central directory. He is further a director in nearly all of the companies, and will doubtless succeed his father in others. He has devoted over twenty years to business, to which he applies himself assiduously. He has the reputation of being methodical, careful, and painstaking, scrupulous as to details, and a thorough student of his specialty, which is financiering. The Commodore took a fancy to his namesake while the latter was a youth, aided his advancement, and left him a larger fortune than any of his other grandchildren, $5,000,000. In looks Cornelius bears a striking resemblance to his grandfather. He is affable, and though fond of society, is a domestic rather than a society man. For several years he has served as vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association, is treasurer of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions, a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital, and of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York, and is one of the principal patrons of the St. Johnland colony, founded by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenbubg on the north shore of Long Island, which is a sort of country auxiliary to St. Luke's Hospital. A building costing $20,000 was recently erected at St. Johnland at Mr. Vanderbilt's expense. The principal social distinction he has attained is the presidency of the St. Nicholas Society of New York.

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, who is now in his thirty-sixth year, is very unlike his elder brother, but, according to those who know them best, supplies many qualities that make them excellent working companions. He possesses more noticeably than any of his generation the Commodore's quick perception and daring. Where Cornelius is cautious and inclined to reasoning, he is audacious, and takes chances on his intuitions. He received his education, an academic one, at Geneva, Switzerland, and soon after becoming of age entered the traffic department of the New York Central Company. His first official position of importance was that of vice-president of the Central in charge of the traffic department, and after the retirement of his father he was made chairman of the board of directors of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Company, and president of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis road. Again, unlike his brother, William K. is fond of society, with all that term implies. He inherits his father's and grandfather's love for horses, and maintains an extensive stable, but allows none of his stock on the course, although he is a patron of the American Jockey Club. Both brothers are married, and each, like the other children of William H. Vanderbilt, own a princely house on Fifth Avenue. William K. also maintains an elegant country residence at Babylon, Long Island. The brothers have accepted the advisers and assistants whom their father and grandfather depended upon. Chief among them is Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the New York Central, who has been more to them than a business associate. It is quite doubtful if Wall Street sees much of either of these young men. They have had their experience there, and paid for it. As investors, of course their money will have to pass through the usual channels, but with their experience, re-enforced by the decided views and wishes of their father relative to the matter, it is not considered likely that their money will be an active factor in speculation.

The heir to a railway fortune that has been most conspicuous for a year or two past is Mr. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore. About four years ago he succeeded his father, John W. Garrett, as president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He had been trained for the position in the family banking house of Robert Garrett & Son, of which he is now the senior partner; also as vice-president of the railroad company, and for a few years prior to his father's death as practically the president of the company. Upon the death of his father he came into a fortune estimated at $12,000,000, and with a wealthy corporation at his back he determined to extend the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to New York, and also to build a telegraph system that would rival the largest in the country. The former project is now in a fair way of being completed, but as much can not be said for the latter, which, by-the-way, is largely a personal enterprise. Mr. Garrett's first financial success was the placing in London of the $10,000,000 mortgage loan of the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad. Since then he has raised an equal amount to extend the Baltimore and Ohio road to and through Philadelphia. The system he now controls includes nearly 2000 miles, which is represented by a capitalization of about $85,000,000. Mr. Garrett is now approaching his fortieth year. He received a collegiate education, and is a man of culture. In business he is as autocratic as his father, but less direct, or perhaps more politic, in carrying his point. He possesses a good amount of energy, executive ability much above the average, and has the happy faculty of dispatching his work with great rapidity. Mr. Garrett is prominent in both Baltimore and New York society, and is a member of the Union Club of the last-named city. Wall Street sees him occasionally, and probably hears from him more frequently.

We now come to the young man who is prospectively the principal heir to the most marvellous acquisition of wealth from railway undertakings. Mr. George J. Gould was born in this city about twenty-five years ago. Just as he was of age his father took him into the stock-brokerage firm in which he was then a special partner, and subsequently bought him a seat in the Stock Exchange. The idea apparently was to give him a Wall Street training. He has been elected vice-president of all the larger companies in which Mr. Jay Gould is interested, and at present, having left Wall Street, is taking lessons in corporate management under the guidance of his father. As yet young Mr. Gould has had no opportunity to test or display his capabilities to an extent that would attract public notice. In business he is unassuming, and, as becomes him, is most tractable under the tuition of his father. It would be useless at this time to attempt any estimate of the estate in which he is likely to share. This fortune at present is principally invested in and controls the 6046 miles composing the Southwestern or Missouri-Pacific system of railroads, and the $271,000,000 of capital that they represent. This does not include the now disintegrating Wabash-Pacific system, with its 3550 miles of road and $129,000,000 of obligations, direct and indirect. What is of more importance to the country, this fortune controls over 150,000 miles of pole lines and two Atlantic cables, besides other telegraph facilities that are capitalized in the Western Union and auxiliary companies at $123,000,000. Mr. Gould also has an almost absolute ownership of the elevated railroad system of New York, which is stocked and bonded for $45,000,000, making the total amount, par value, of the securities controlled, not including the Wabash-Pacific, $439,000,000. When all these figures are carefully considered, and the limits of man's energy and endurance gauged, the burden and anxieties of a great railway future may be appreciated.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN MANY LANDS.

IN China New-Year's Day is the chief festival of the year. It comes, by the uncertain calendar of our antipodes, late in January or the beginning of February. It is celebrated with many of the observances peculiar to New York. Visits are exchanged, presents made; the Chinese, clothed in their finest dress, hasten from house to house to call upon their nearest friends. Wines, cakes, and confectioneries are offered; congratulations are exchanged, and good wishes for the new year pass from guest to host. It is not said that the Chinese ladies share in the festivities, but they probably consume their sweetened balls of rice and their sugared fruits in the inner rooms of their dwellings. The resemblance between the Chinese celebration of New-Year's Day, and that of our Dutch ancestors is so alike as almost to prove that the one is borrowed from the other.

For thousands of years the Chinese have exchanged visits and good wishes on New-Year's Day—when Cæsar penetrated the Belgic marshes, and when the errant Gauls descended to the sack of Rome. We may be sure that the custom has never changed. One of its peculiar traits may well be borrowed in other lands. On New-Year's Eve every Chinaman pays his debts, and is freed from every liability. For ten days before the new year business ceases, accounts are balanced, books written up. Honesty is a Chinese virtue, and the unlucky bankrupt in his remorse is often driven to suicide. The Chinese among themselves are a contented, cheerful, uncomplaining people. Family life among them is usually happy and united; the teachings of Confucius and Mencius are full of hope.

But the intense superstition of the race fills China with a constant disquietude. On New-Year's Day it is supposed that the "Spirit of the Hearth" makes his annual visit to the skies. If he should go away in anger the good fortune of the family would be lost forever. He is followed with incessant prayers and a farewell from each member of the household. A peculiar kind of sweetmeats is offered him to close his lips together, and some beans to feed the horse on which he is supposed to ride. Even the educated Chinese share these ideal fears. In a recent inundation of the Yellow River, that was followed by a wide devastation, one of the most learned and powerful of the Chinese officials fell on his knees before a water-snake that had crept out of the flood, beseeching it to save the country from any further danger.

On our own continent, long before England and Holland had adopted the Eastern custom, New-Year's Day was celebrated with strange and fanciful ceremonies in the splendid cities of Yucatan. The story of Mayan civilization is as yet only imperfectly known.

But we may still wander amidst the ruins of its great capitals, along highways once trodden by countless travellers, and lift in part the veil that hides its fallen splendors.

Fifty cities, it is said, covered the peninsula of Yucatan. They were joined by fine roads paved with stone. Their temples and public buildings were of enormous size. They were not far behind the Chinese in many of the refinements of a civilized life. To the Mayan the new year came as to all other races, the symbol of a new existence. The temples were swept and decorated anew: perfect cleanliness was a part of their faith. The huge idols were carefully freed from dust. The children of the schools, the priests, and nobles joined in the work of purification. Many persons fasted for thirty days before the new year's ceremonial. But when the morning dawned all was joy and congratulation. The women of Yucatan, like those of China, took little part in the ceremony. But the princes, nobles, and priests, clad in fine robes, filled the courts of the temples. A banquet of Mayan delicacies was provided; wine and intoxicating liquors flowed freely; the people drank madly, and the barbaric scene usually closed in a fierce and bloody contest.

In their wild superstitions the Mayans surpassed even the lowest savages. They fed on the bodies of their captives and slaves; their temples rang with the shrieks of their victims.

Roman, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, rejoiced with the new year. At Rome an image of the golden age was imagined. The slave became for a moment free; perfect equality ruled in the Roman home; gay sports and laughter filled up the fleeting moments of the *Saturnalia*. The Roman celebration passed down through the Middle Ages, and something of the license that had prevailed in the houses of Cæsar and Sallust was adopted in the homes of our European ancestors. But to the modern the conception of the new year and its duties is of a higher and happier nature. It is not the Mayan, the Chinese, or even the Roman festival. It is the opening of a new period in which better thoughts and purer motives may have freer play. We rejoice, visits are exchanged, good wishes shared, the hopes of the future rekindled, the new page of life surveyed with no desponding eyes.

In the new year that opens upon us New York has much to do. It has to provide for the health of its people, to build them good houses, to purify the city, and make it an example to other cities. We are to remember more than ever that we are but men. We are to study more than ever how to help each other.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

WITH me Life's Summer
  Has reached its prime.
You're a new-comer
  On the sands of Time.

Much of the sunshine
  Is past with me.
You on the threshold
  Of joys should be.

Bright is the verdure
  Of early Spring:
Pleasant the perfume
  Young flowers fling:

Thrilling the clear notes
  Of larks on high,
When their rich music
  Gladdens the sky.

Light, free, and springing
  The step, in sooth,
As the heart's singing
  In gladsome youth!

Brief in duration
  These sparks in lives:
Scarce the narration
  Youth survives.

Yet, were it fitting:
  Answer me this:
With Spring yet flitting
  Autumn to kiss?

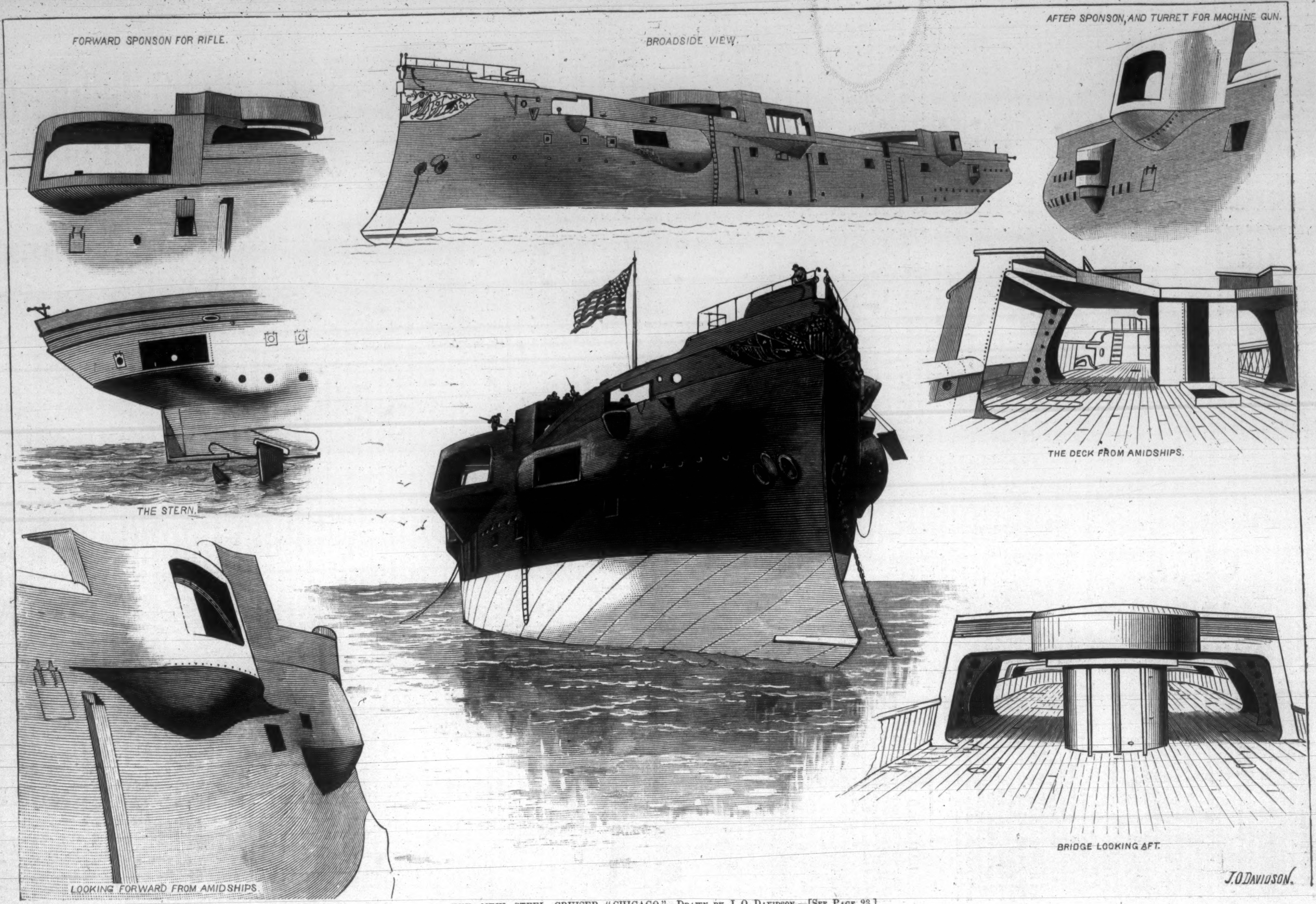
Or a brooklet's babbling
  In a river strong?
How will they mingle,
  The old and young?

Autumn is nearing;
  Then Winter uncouth!
Ah, the endearing
  Love of youth!

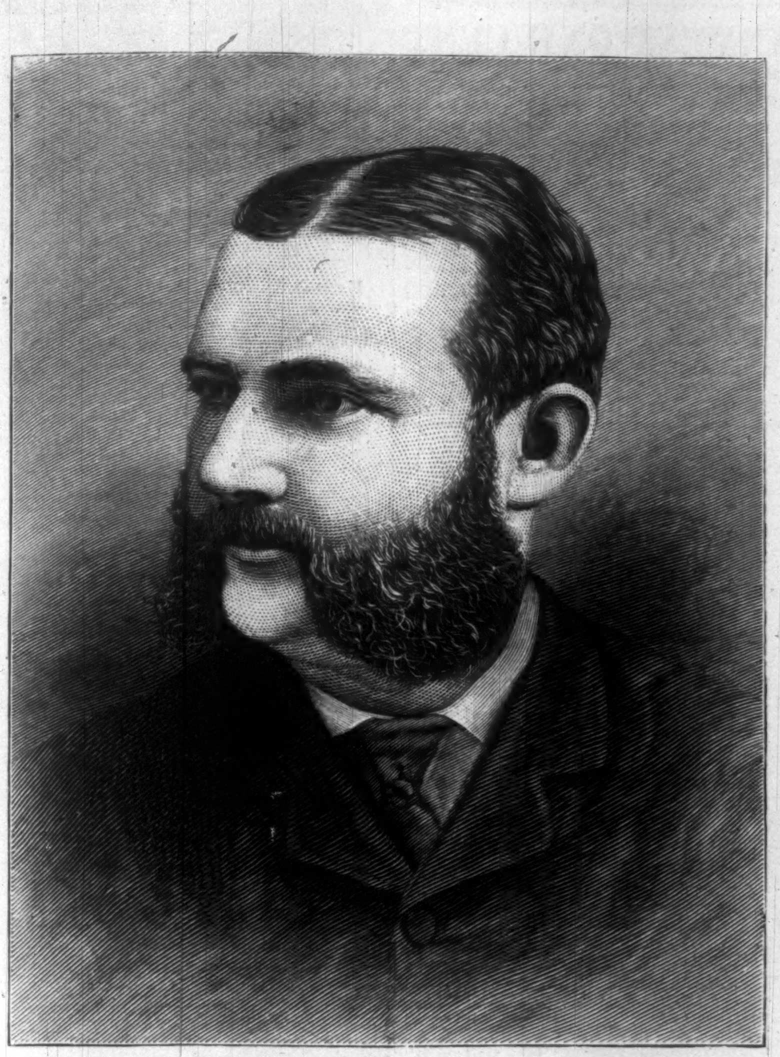
Can it be mine, though,
  Can it be mine?
That laugh of Spring-tide,
  Can it be mine?

Can it be mine? Ah,
  Vainly I rhyme.
My hair is bleaching
  With the snows of Time!

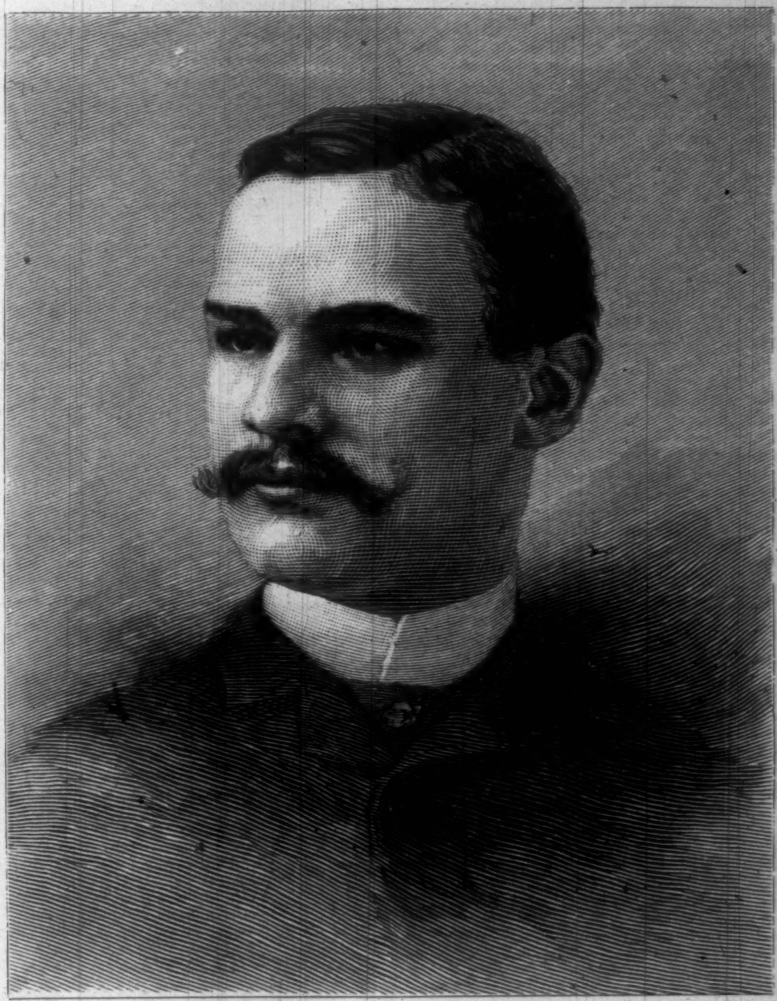
D. T.


FORWARD SPONSON FOR RIFLE.
BROADSIDE VIEW.
AFTER SPONSON, AND TURRET FOR MACHINE GUN.
THE STERN.
THE DECK FROM AMIDSHIPS.
LOOKING FORWARD FROM AMIDSHIPS.
BRIDGE LOOKING AFT.
J. O. DAVIDSON.

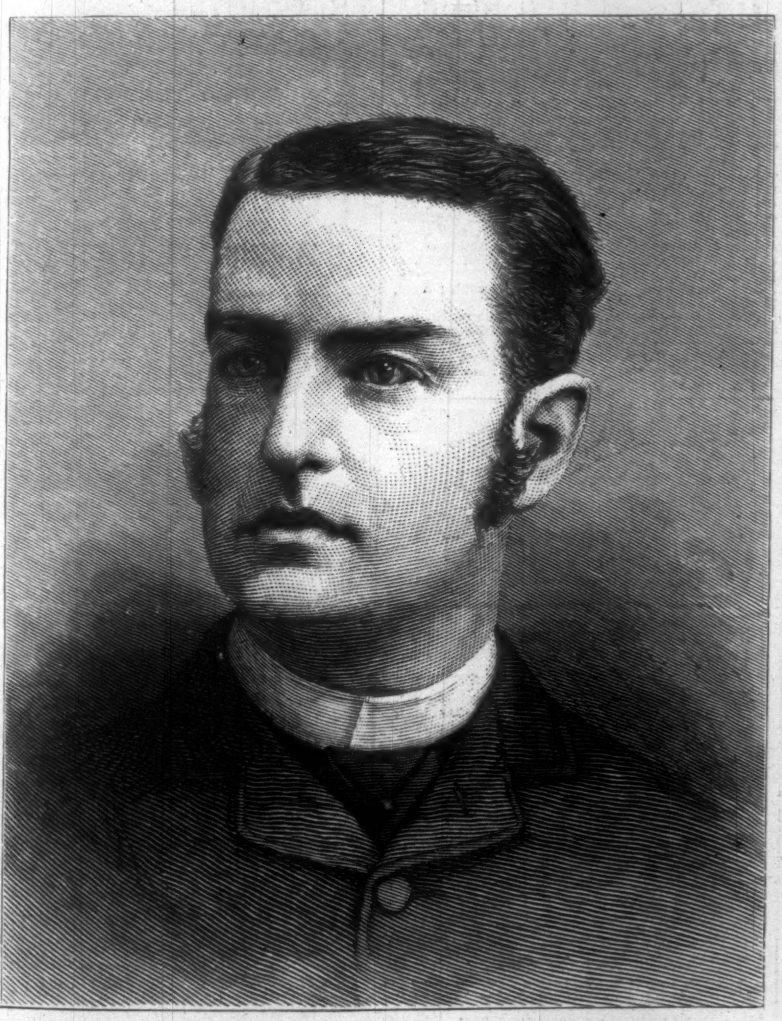
THE NEW STEEL CRUISER "CHICAGO."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



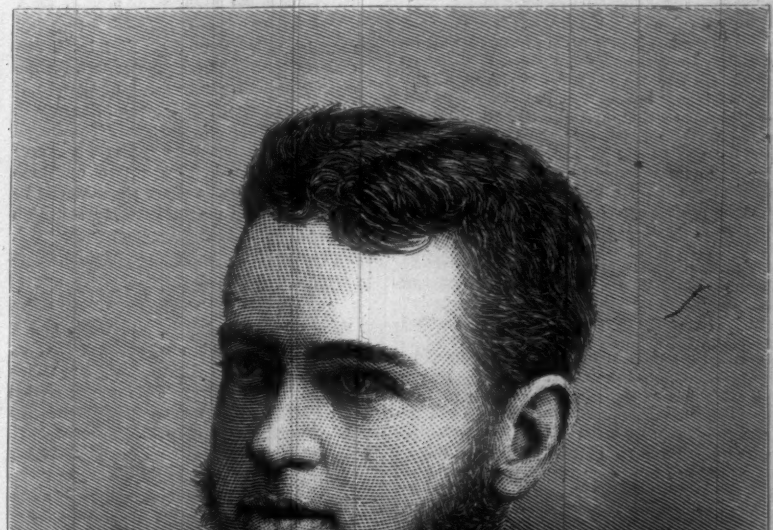
ROBERT GARRETT.—Photographed by Mora.



GEORGE J. GOULD.—Photographed by Sarony.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.—Photographed by Mora.



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.—Photographed by Mora.

HEIRS TO GREAT RAILROAD ESTATES.—[See Page 27.]

THE AMERICAN OPERA.

The American Opera Company, from one point of view, may be regarded as the latest and most interesting American industry. Heretofore opera, as it has engaged the attention of the public, has been the finished article from the European manufactories. Only some casual disturbance with the customs over the trunks and properties has intimated that it came over in sections, and not in its full and glittering panoply, to be set up on this side.

But the American Opera Company springs from the soil; to the last button it hangs on native resources. To meet these requirements it calls into action a wide-spreading industry, sets thousands of busy fingers going, draws to its assistance a train of unsuspected specialists, and makes hitherto unknown demands on the population. This particular direction toward the development of the resources of the country has as yet been unconsidered by political economists, but this enterprise of **Mr. Charles Locke** measures its length with the higher results of older countries, and includes a wider range of possibilities than does a Waterbury clock or a Willimantic spool of thread.

The statistics of an operatic plant, as it may be called, would be both interesting and valuable. There is, for example, preparing the costumes, properties, and *mise en scène* for a dozen operas. The opera of *Lohengrin* alone requires nine hundred costumes. These require archæological learning united to a knowledge of scenic effects, and of the way in which they are produced—a specialist, in fact. **M. Godchaux** is that specialist, and requires an establishment for his own purposes.

In another building, a dismantled church, is the foundry which turns out the munitions of war. The helmets and shields are forged from formidable papier-mache, and the pikes and savage battle-axes hewed from American pine. This work, and the artistic semblance which it afterward receives, demands knowledge of innumerable details, insignia, heraldry, and special artistic and mechanical skill that is scarcely appreciated by those who see in them but accessories otherwise unimportant.

The scenery calls to its services not only the well-known scenic artists, but the assistance of men with reputation in other departments of art, such as **Mr. Will H. Lippincott** and **Mr. Charles Graham.**

In this respect until recently the theatrical stage has been more artistically considerate and more authoritative in its effort to give the plays produced appropriate setting. The American Opera Company, in departing from the usual operatic methods so far as to place its strength on the completeness of its representations, is in a sense forced, even if not otherwise prompted, to add the more perfect illusion of scenery that shall place less strain on the imagination than that which the audiences in the Academy of Music, under the spell of some star, are accustomed to bear. To this end, all the disengaged painting frames of the New York theatres are now occupied.

If illustration could successfully reproduce nationality, the chorus, when rehearsing in its seal-skins, jerseys, and fur tippets, it would be seen, belongs to the chimney-corners of a hundred American homes, and has served its apprenticeship to church choirs and matriculated in Belshazzar's Feast, and the Cantata of Esther for the benefit of the Sunday-school Library. Unquestionably such preliminary preparation places it on a higher tone morally than rests the professional operatic chorus, to American eyes at least. To preserve it, to provide an outlet for the unusually good voices found among young Americans, and to surround them with influences, so that no self-respecting American girl can hesitate to avail herself of the opportunity, is one of the avowed purposes of the management. Herr **Hock**, who is an expert in all the varied emotions of the operatic gamut which an operatic chorus is expected to realize, and who conveys these to the new chorus, says that the impressionable American temperament and the average high intelligence of the chorus amply make up in the severe stage-training for the artistic atmosphere in which operatic choruses are fostered in other and older choruses.

American genius has never yet tended toward the ballet. But Professor **Mamert Bibeyran** will tell you, as the little girls come trooping in after school in their bonnets and satchels, and while waiting for them to re-appear among the bacchantes in *Orpheus*, that are seen dancing down the illustration, that this is only from lack of encouragement. The greater number of the coryphees, the premières, and the secondas are from Italy, but twelve of the American school, and several of these in that post of honor, the first line, and the thirty-six figurantes, are Americans.

The principals, with but few exceptions, and those of long residence in this country, are natives. That lady so gracefully posed, with whom the prompter, now for the first time revealed to mortal eyes in unremitting conversation, is an unmistakable product of the soil.

A glance at the roster of the American Opera Company shows that a dozen States have contributed the principals, and give a national stamp to the undertaking. Miss **Juch** was born of naturalized parents in Vienna, but, patriotically, on the Fourth of July. Miss **Juch** is too well and too favorably known in this country to require comment. Madame **L'Allemand**, who has never been heard in this country, was born in Syracuse, in this State, and studying in Paris, Dresden, and Stuttgart, has since been one of the most prominent colorature singers of Europe. Miss **Helene Hastreiter** is a native of Louisville. Miss **Annis Montague** is already well known to our concert and opera goers. **Mr. Theodore Thomas**, the conductor, by his long residence and conspicuous career, really counts also as an American.

GOLD FIELDS

That pan out richly are not so abundant as in the early California days, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, receive free full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required; you are started in business free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

IN NIGHT-SWEATS AND PROSTRATION.

Dr. R. Studhalter, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and in night-sweats, with very good results."—[*Adv.*]

. . . Nervous Debility, in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly, and permanently cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is more nutritious and strengthening than any other single or combined remedy. In *Consumption* and wasting diseases its effect is very astonishing.—[*Adv.*]

ALLEN DODWORTH,

No. 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

Assisted by his son, Frank Dodworth. Classes and private lessons in Dancing. See Circular for terms, etc.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

may be relied upon for relief in all diseases of the throat and lungs; and, for the speedy cure of severe Colds or Coughs, it has no equal. E. J. Downes, Bonneau's, Berkeley Co., S. C., writes: "Some time ago I contracted, by exposure, a severe Cold and Cough. After two or three months, I began to think there would be no change for the better. My attention being directed to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I procured a bottle, and began taking it. It

Cured My Cough

before the first bottle was used, and I rapidly recovered my health." A. J. Davis, Atchison, Kans., writes: "This spring I took a severe Cold, which settled on my lungs. In three days it became most difficult and painful for me to breathe. As soon as possible I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was promptly relieved and cured by its use."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

TELEPHONES SOLD.

Don't pay exorbitant rental fees to the Bell Telephone Monopoly to use their Telephones on lines less than two miles in length. A few months' rental buys a first-class Telephone that is no infringement, and works splendid on lines for private use on any kind of wire, and works good in stormy weather. It makes homes pleasant; annihilates time; prevents burglaries; saves many steps, and is just what every business man and farmer should have to connect stores, houses, depots, factories, colleges, etc., etc. The only practicable and reliable Telephone that is sold outright and warranted to work.

Chance for agents. No previous experience required. Circulars free. **WM. L. NORTON, Buffalo, N.Y.**

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

INVEST ONE CENT

For a Postal Card, and send for a FREE Sample copy of

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

And a Catalogue of their great Combination and Premium Offers. No paper gives so much for a little money.

DO IT AT ONCE.

The New York Tribune

Is an Aggressive Republican Paper for the Whole Country and all the People. For farmers, The Weekly is unexcelled. The Tribune advocates a Protective Tariff, and pays the highest prices to its own men in New York City. The Tribune will print during 1886 about 25 War Stories, and it offers $250 and $100 in cash for the best stories. Agents wanted. The Weekly, $1.00 a year, in clubs; Semi-Weekly, $2.00, in clubs.

THE DETROIT WEEKLY FREE PRESS
Four Months on trial for Twenty-Five Cents.
Send for sample copy, with full particulars.
Address *The Free Press*, Detroit, Mich.

MELLIN'S

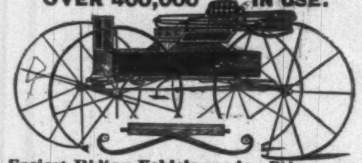
TRADE ORA ET LABORA MARK.

FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE, & CO., Boston, Mass.

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES.
OVER 400,000 IN USE.



Easiest Riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as two. **The Springs lengthen and shorten** according to the weight they carry. **Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all leading Carriage Builders and Dealers.**

ECZEMA ON SCALP.

Cuticura

A
POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE
FROM
PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

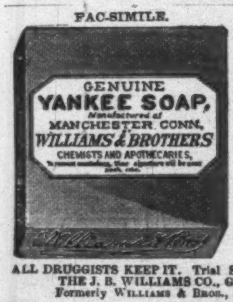
Kidney Pains, Strains, and Weakness instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. New, elegant, infallible.

Free
D. M. FERRY & CO'S
To All
ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED
SEED
ANNUAL
FOR 1886.

Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 180 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting all varieties of **VEGETABLE** and **FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS,** etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan.

FAC-SIMILE.



FOR SHAVING.

The Genuine Yankee Soap.

Has never been equaled in the richness and permanence of its lather. Especially adapted for heavy beards and a delicate skin. Standard for quality in the U. S. Navy. Has been counterfeited more than any other soap in the world. Notice the engraving and avoid imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP IT. Trial Sample for **12 Cents.**
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

Please mention this Paper

WM. J. HOOPER & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.
MANUFACTURERS OF

COTTON AND FLAX GILL NETS.
CORK, SEINE LEADS, &c.
Seine Twines of all kinds; Manilla, Cotton and Hemp Rope.

PRICE LIST FREE.

Harper's Young People *cannot fail to delight young people for whom its contents are specially and carefully selected.*—The Court Circular, *London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SIXTEEN-PAGE
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
Subscription per Year, $2.00.

A sample copy sent on receipt of 3 cents in postage stamps

Harper's Young People has won the approval of parents and the hearts of their children. No pleasanter or surer antidote to sensational juvenile literature could be placed in the hands of youthful readers than this popular journal for boys and girls. Pictures, the work of the foremost artists and engravers, lavishly illustrate its pages; and it is as attractive as fine paper and skilful printing can make it. There is nothing cheap about it but the price.

PRESS NOTICES.

It entertains, instructs, and charms its readers.—Christian Intelligencer, *N. Y.*

As fresh and sparkling as the boys and girls for whom it is written. A capital weekly for our young folk.—Christian Advocate, *N. Y.*

A delightful little magazine that brings joy and gladness to the household fifty-two times a year.—Christian Advocate, *New Orleans.*

A charming juvenile publication, fresh and delightful as ever, dainty in dress and delightful in spirit. A delight and a treasure in thousands of happy homes.—Evangelist, *N. Y.*

An inexhaustible source of entertainment.—Watchman, *Boston.*

A favorite with all boys and girls. In this weekly they have the best and safest reading. It is in every way deserving of its great success.—Churchman, *N. Y.*

This periodical offers a rare collection of valuable and instructive reading, with choice illustrations and many matters of various interest for old and young.—Observer, *N. Y.*

The best reading for boys and girls.—Living Church, *Chicago.*

It keeps well at the head of its class.—Christian Advocate, *Richmond.*

Always full of attractions and instruction for a host of young people. An encyclopædia of general information and amusement.—Zion's Herald, *Boston.*

This bold venture in the field of juvenile literature has proved a victory. . . . It deserves a welcome at every fireside.—Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., *in the* Sunday-School Journal, *N. Y.*

A model juvenile. A boy or girl can have no purer and brighter magazine as a weekly guest.—Independent, *N. Y.*

Its tone, variety, and general excellence of literary workmanship are admirably sustained.—Christian Union, *N. Y.*

BOUND VOLUMES.

Volume VI., with about 700 Illustrations. pp. viii., 832. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $3.50. Copies of Volumes IV. and V. on hand. Price $3.50 each. Volumes I., II., and III., for 1880, 1881, 1882, *out of print.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES. (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	15 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

When no time is specified, subscriptions will be begun with the current number.

The most popular and successful periodicals for family reading ever published.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

There is nothing more conducive to wholesome pleasure, and to the creation in the family of an elevated moral condition, than the persistent use of these periodicals. They are as familiar as household words, and are administered with such high humanity and wisdom that they constitute one of the greatest engines of civilization in existence.—N. Y. Sun.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents.

Published By HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

War Volumes of Harper's Weekly

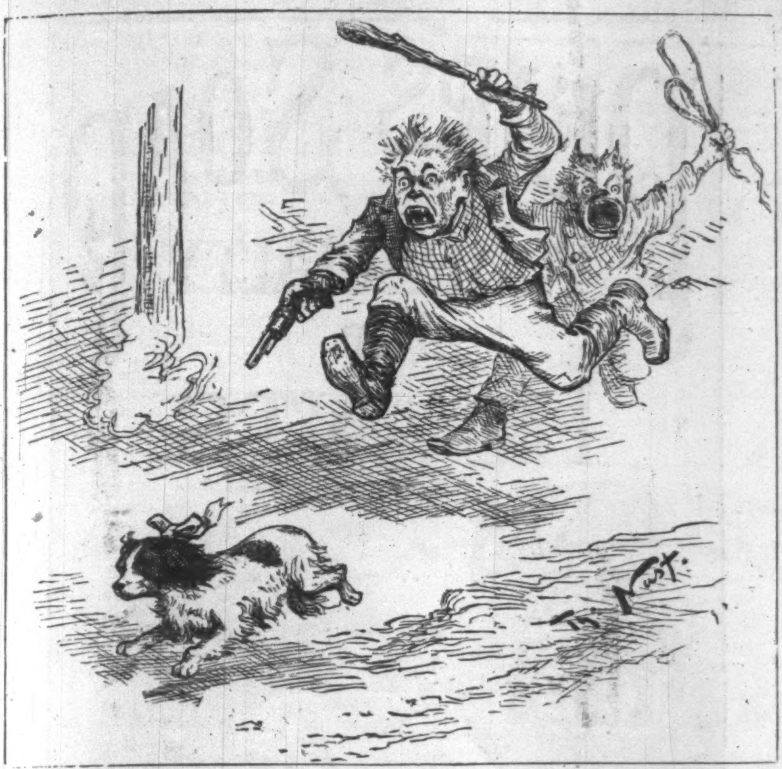
Are now entirely out of print and the plates have been destroyed.

We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion," same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 of the illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War.

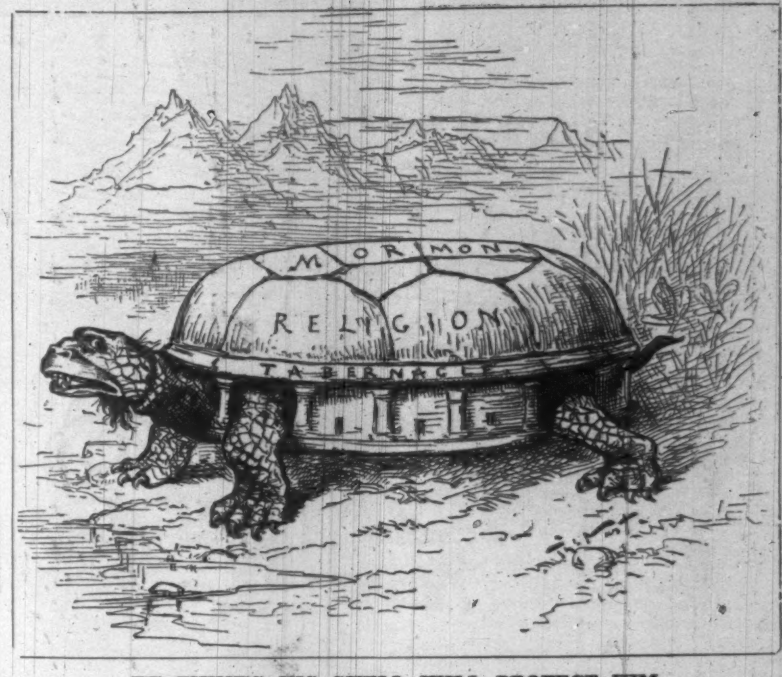
2 vols. Price, delivered, free of express charges: Cloth, $16; Half Turkey Morocco, $22.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

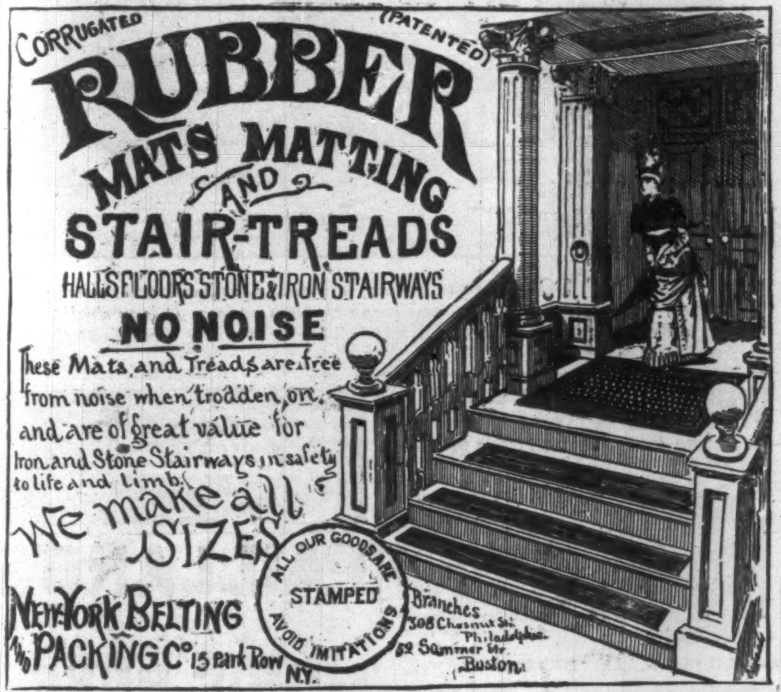
McDONNELL BROS.,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
AGENTS WANTED.



IT IS MODERN CIVILIZATION THAT DRIVES THE DOGS MAD.



HE THINKS HIS SHELL WILL PROTECT HIM.


CORRUGATED (PATENTED)
RUBBER
MATS MATTING
AND
STAIR-TREADS
HALLS FLOORS STONE & IRON STAIRWAYS
NO NOISE
These Mats, and Treads are free from noise when trodden on, and are of great value for Iron and Stone Stairways, in safety to life and limb.
We make all SIZES
NEW-YORK BELTING AND PACKING Co 15 Park Row N.Y.
ALL OUR GOODS ARE STAMPED AVOID IMITATIONS
Branches 308 Chestnut St. Philadelphia. 52 Summer St. Boston.

W. L. DOUGLAS'

This Shoe for gentlemen is a great improvement on the original $3 Shoe, and is endorsed by the YOUTH'S COMPANION, being offered by them in Premium List, October 29th, page 441. It is made of the **best Tannery Calf,** with **Glove-Kid Tops** and **Oak Leather Bottoms, is stitched with the best Silk,** and button-holes are worked with the same.

IT IS THE BEST

IN

WORKMANSHIP,
MATERIAL,
COMFORT,
STYLE,
WEAR,
FIT.

$3.00 SHOE

Made in **Congress, Button** and **Lace.** All styles of toe. Sent by mail on receipt of price, **$3.** If your dealer does not keep this Shoe, send for directions for self-measurement to

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE ONLY $3 SHOE

that has a Glove Kid Top; the only $3 Shoe that equals a $5 or $6 Shoe; it can be relied on; it gives perfect satisfaction; and it pleases everybody. **See that "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe Warranted," is stamped on the bottom of each Shoe.**

One dealer wanted in every town in the U. S. to whom the exclusive sale will be given and **full protection** guaranteed.

IS THE BEST.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40c. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.;** or, 469 Broadway, N. Y.

ADVERTISERS can learn the cost of any proposed line of Advertising at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y. Send 10 cents for a 100-page pamphlet.

CLARKE'S PATENT
PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS
FOR BURNING IN HIS
PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND
PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS
S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG AND
EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.

Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

ENGLAND UNDER GLADSTONE.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published:

I.

LAST DAYS AT APSWICH. A Novel. No. 47 of *Harper's Handy Series.* 16mo, Paper Covers, 25 cents.

II.

ENGLAND UNDER GLADSTONE, 1880–1885. By JUSTIN H. McCARTHY, M.P., Author of "An Outline of Irish History," &c. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. No. 505 of *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

HARPER'S HANDY SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES:

		CTS.
46.	TIRESIAS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., P.L.	25
45.	IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. By W. Clark Russell	25
44.	THE BACHELOR VICAR OF NEWFORTH. By Mrs. J. Harcourt-Roe	25
43.	MRS. DYMOND. By Miss Thackeray	25
42.	CHRISTMAS ANGEL. By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated	25
41.	HALF-WAY. An Anglo-French Romance	25
40.	OUNCES OF PREVENTION. By Titus Munson Coan, A.M., M.D.	25
39.	"US." By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated	25
38.	A BARREN TITLE. By T. W. Speight	25
37.	THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES. By Professor C. Witt. With Two Illustrations	25
36.	GOBLIN GOLD. By May Crommelin	25
35.	IN QUARTERS WITH THE 25TH (THE BLACK HORSE) DRAGOONS. By J. S. Winter.	25
34.	MUSICAL HISTORY. By G. A. Macfarren	25
33.	PRIMUS IN INDIS. By M. J. Colquhoun	25
32.	THE SACRED NUGGET. By B. L. Farjeon.	25
31.	THE ROYAL MAIL: Its Curiosities and Romance. By James Wilson Hyde. Illustrated	25
30.	THE GHOST'S TOUCH, &c. By Wilkie Collins	25

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

		CTS.
504.	Unfairly Won. By Nannie Power O'Donoghue.	20
503.	First Person Singular. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. Illustrated	25
502.	"Self or Bearer." By Walter Besant	15
501.	The Golden Flood. By R. E. Francillon and W. Senior	15
500.	Cradle and Spade. By William Sime	20
499.	The Mistletoe Bough, Christmas, 1885. Edited by M. E. BRADDON. With an Illustration	20
498.	What's His Offence? By the Author of "The Two Miss Flemings"	20
497.	The Unforeseen. By Alice O'Hanlon	20
496.	White Heather. By William Black	20
495.	My Wife's Niece. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney"	20
494.	Babylon. By Cecil Power	20
493.	Mrs. Hollyer. A Novel. By G. M. Craik	20
492.	A Strange Voyage. By W. Clark Russell	20

The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

WORCESTER'S
DICTIONARY
GIVEN AWAY!

A Pocket Dictionary of the English Language, compiled from the Quarto and School Dictionaries of
JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D.,
With Foreign Words and Phrases, Abbreviations, Rules for Spelling, and Numerous Tables.

Profusely Illustrated. *298 Pages.*

Will be mailed postage paid and **Free of Charge** to each reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HOW TO GET ONE.

Buy a box of **DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP** of any grocer (you have to use Soap every week, and this soap **improves by age,** and is **BEST** of all.) Take off all the wrappers, wrap them up like a newspaper, and mail them to us. (Postage on them thus wrapped is only three cents.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left hand corner of it "Return to," etc., adding your full name and address. On receipt of the wrappers, we will mail to you postage paid, and free of all expense to you, one of these Dictionaries. We refer to any Bank or Grocer in the U. S. as to our responsibility.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.
Forrest Building, PHILADELPHIA.

Arnold
Constable & Co

ELEGANT FURS.

A well-assorted stock of choice fine Furs, in plain and trimmed seal-skin. Long Wraps, Visites, Fur-lined Garments, in Mink, Siberian Squirrel, and Ermine. Also, a full line of Fur Trimmings, Carriage, Sleigh Robes, &c.

Broadway & 19th st.

Florida The Land of Oranges, Sunshine, and Tropical Scenery.

LOOK! A lot 40x100 feet, in Silver Springs Park, Florida, only $10 *for 60 days only.* Every man, woman and child should own a lot. High, dry, rolling land. No swamps, or malaria. Houses, stores, hotel, already built. Several trains daily. Five-acre orange grove tracts, $200 each. A plat of the town, showing streets, 4 church sites, depot, &c., &c.; also fine Orange Grove in eight brilliant colors, with elegant, 48-page descriptive book of our town, and a long printed list of over 600 land purchasers, **All Sent Free.** Population 75, and new arrivals weekly. REFERENCE.—*Wm. H. Oakley,* Pres. National Citizens Bank, New York. Address, for full particulars, **L. N. MOWRY, PRESIDENT, 179 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.** Branch Offices: Chicago, Ill., Silver Springs Fla.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.